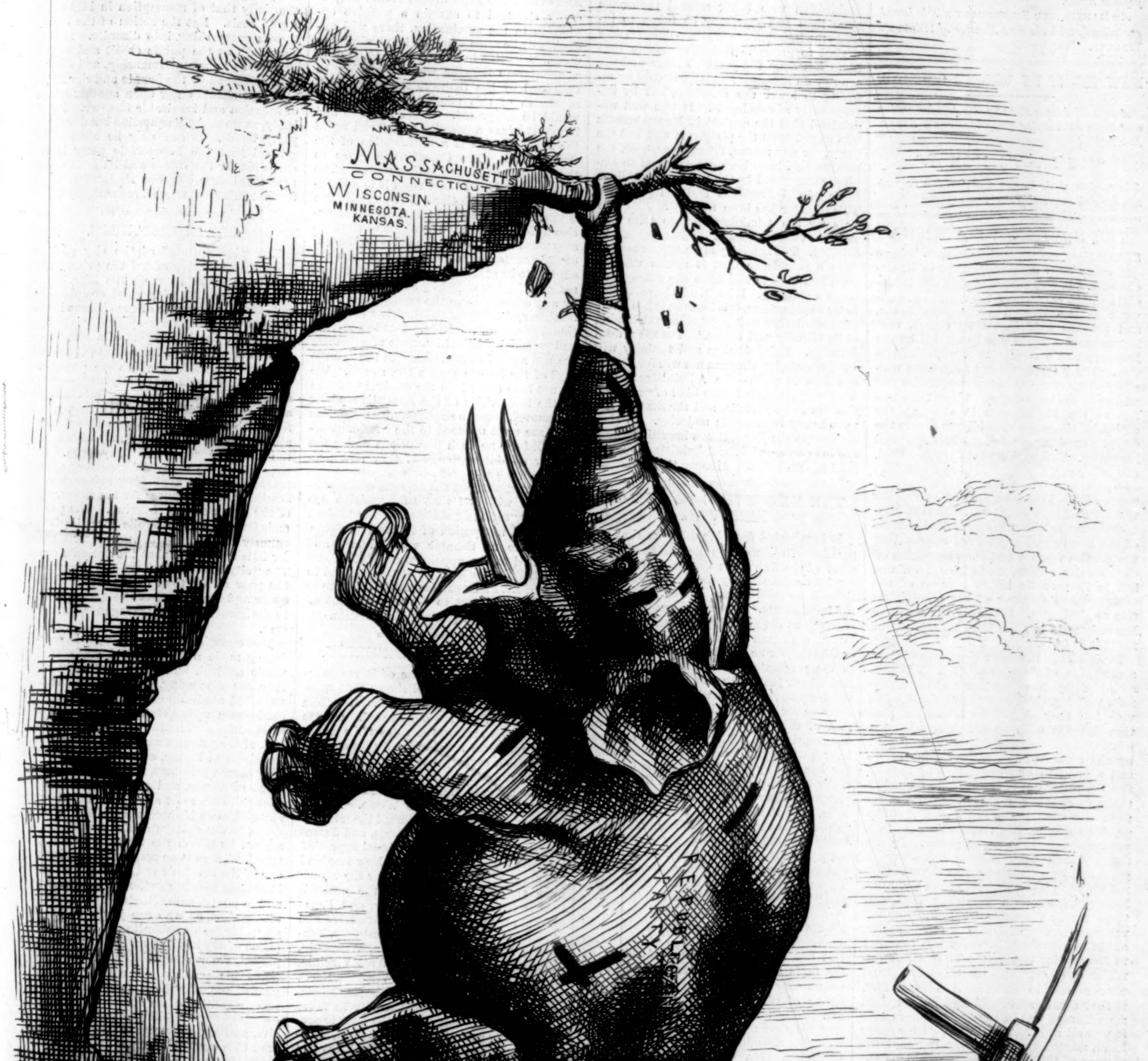
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXI.—No. 1091.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



SAVED (?) BY THE SKIN OF HIS —.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the opening chapters of*

"POOR ZEPH!"

a new and interesting story, by F. W. ROBINSON, *author of "Little Kate Kirby," "Second-Cousin Sarah," "Her Face was Her Fortune," and other popular novels.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

A new Christmas Story by this popular author will begin in Number 52 of HARPER'S BAZAR. *It is entitled*

"MY LADY'S MONEY."

The readers of the BAZAR *will find it a very attractive and interesting story.*

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

THE elections resulted, upon the whole, as every body expected, except in Massachusetts. It was supposed that the Democrats would carry New York and Pennsylvania, but it was feared by some Republicans, and perhaps half hoped by others, that Massachusetts would also be carried by the Democrats as a rebuke to the Administration. The interpretation of elections usually varies according to the sympathies and wishes of the interpreter. When Ohio was lost to the Republicans in October, the anti-Administration Republicans saw in the defeat a condemnation of the President and his policy. To Republicans of another kind, cowardice and communism were a sufficient explanation. But the logic of the opponents of the President applied to the November elections would establish that Massachusetts was triumphantly carried because of the hearty and unreserved approval of the Southern policy and the proposition of civil service reform, while New York was left in Democratic hands because of the contemptuous defiance of the Administration at Rochester. Certainly the result in Massachusetts is more than an equivalent for that in Ohio.

In New York it was an election, as it was a campaign, of singular apathy. The possible significance of the result was so multiform that a great many people declined to vote lest they should do something that they did not wish to do. There were a great many Democrats seriously disaffected by the action of the Albany Convention, and a great many Republicans by that of the Rochester Convention. The argument that this or that party was the party of reform was met by the reply that that depended entirely upon those who were in a position to use the party power. In the Seventh New York District there were a great many good citizens who thought that reform was just as probable from Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY as from Tammany Hall, and those who, with Governor ROBINSON, had vehemently declared that a renomination of the old Democratic ticket was essential to the continuance of the TILDEN reforms, might have certainly hesitated to intrust those reforms to the enemies of Mr. TILDEN, if that astute statesman had not returned from Europe just in time to announce that it was all right. There were, on the other hand, many Republicans who felt that the victory of their State ticket would be the confirmation of courses that they despise, and could not fail to be loudly interpreted as a condemnation of the Administration. They did not care to strengthen the hands of its enemies in its own household, and they did not vote. The State was Democratic in the executive department, and it remains so. It was Republican in the Legislature, and it continues so.

If the result in Pennsylvania be attributed to Cameronian apathy or hostility, it will not produce wide or deep lamentation. Upon no great question before the country is Pennsylvania Republicanism very sound; and if personal resentments are powerful enough to produce party defeat, it is not something of which any Pennsylvania Republican can be proud. But the result in that State is doubtless due more to the general political chaos than to the hostility of any clique in the party. The most significant of the elections was that in Massachusetts. With courage worthy the State of ANDREW and SUMNER, and a courage which is always practical wisdom, Massachusetts did not pettifog and shamble and dodge upon the question of supporting the Administration, but clearly and unequivocally declared for the purposes which the Administration is understood to represent. The country has a right to know whether the Republican party, which is responsible for the Administration, accepts the responsibility. Massachusetts Republicans gave no uncertain answer. They were not afraid to say what they thought, and they have their reward, as courage always has. If the leaders of the Convention had thought differently, they would have said so. If they had been opposed to the President and his Administration, they would have been brave enough to declare it frankly. The Prohibition candidate denounced the Administration as warmly as Mr. PHILLIPS, and the prohibition vote being several thousands more than last year, may be taken to include the Republicans of Massachusetts who wished to protest. But the party in that State has done the party at large and the country an immense service not only by refusing to lower the standard, but by triumphantly advancing it. It was well understood that the contest in Massachusetts was waged upon the platform; and had the party, for any reason, failed to succeed, the result would have been construed as an emphatic disavowal by the typical Republican State of the President and his purposes. This disaster has been avoided. And now it is for the Administration to take care that the expectations of its friends shall be fulfilled. The sincerity of its support comes from a confidence that it means what it says, and that it will have the courage of its own opinions. If its friends have seemed to lack enthusiasm, it is because it has itself seemed to be hesitating and reluctant, hoping to be friendly "all round." That is a fatal delusion. Indefiniteness and timidity will repel friends, but they can not win foes. And one fact is plain—the Administration in some way attempted some kind of "negotiation" in Pennsylvania, and the State is lost by a heavy Democratic majority. In Massachusetts the Republicans heartily sustain the bravest acts of the Administration, and hold the State more strongly than ever.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER OF REMOVAL.

IT is reported from Washington that opposition will be made to the confirmation of some of the New York Custom-house nominations substantially on the ground that there is no good reason for the removal of the incumbents. This would re-open a controversy as old as the government. But it is not a ground which Senator CONKLING could take, for he acquiesced without a word in the peremptory removals made by General GRANT just before the expiration of his term—removals made wholly without reason, and for mere political ends. The marshal of this district, for instance, was an unexceptionable officer—efficient, energetic, and warmly supported by the courts and the bar and by all with whom he had officially to deal. His commission did not expire until after the end of General GRANT'S term. But the President, after a vain effort to persuade the marshal to resign, peremptorily removed him, and appointed a successor known solely as a lobby agent in 1869, and more recently as an efficient member of "the machine." According to "the usages" and "the courtesy" of the Senate, the objection of the Republican Senator from New York would have retained the efficient and unexceptionable incumbent. The objection was not made. With full knowledge of the facts Mr. CONKLING acquiesced in the peremptory and causeless removal of an officer of whom no complaint was made, and whose term had not expired, in order that his place might be filled by a successor who was thought to be a more serviceable politician. Mr. CONKLING will therefore hardly object to the confirmation of Mr. ROOSEVELT that Mr. ARTHUR is an honest and efficient Collector, and that there is no good ground for his removal.

The principle of the reported objection is one of the old controversies. The Executive power of removal was acknowledged by the First Congress, although sharply debated, and the question has been often discussed since that time. The decision in 1789 rested largely upon the opinion of MADISON, who urged that removal was an incident of the Executive power. WEBSTER, in 1835, conceded that the point was settled, but denied the constitutionality of the settlement, and argued that removal was not an incident of the Executive but of the appointing power. The Republican Congress of 1867, to curb ANDREW JOHNSON, passed the Tenure of Office Act, requiring the President to report to the Senate the reasons for his suspension of any officer, but this clause was repealed in 1869. The President is not now required to submit reasons for removals. But the act provides that every officer may hold his office during the term of his commission, unless removed by the advice and consent of the Senate, or by the appointment, with like advice and consent, of a successor. Under this provision, so long as the Senate refuses to confirm a successor, the incumbent can retain his position. And whenever there is a positive party majority, "the courtesy of the Senate" enables a single Senator to prevent confirmation and to retain the incumbent. Thus, if Mr. CONKLING should persuade the Senate to refuse to confirm Mr. ROOSEVELT, Mr. ARTHUR would retain the office through his term, or until the Senate consents to confirm a successor.

This "courtesy," however, will probably not be recognized by the Democratic Senators until they are in a positive majority. And even if the Republicans should be generally disposed to sustain a positive opposition to the nomination, there will undoubtedly be some who will be unwilling to do so. A motion to confirm proceeding from a Republican Senator would probably be sustained by the Democrats, and the consequences of this mischievous "courtesy" would be frustrated. Under this fine and innocent name a practice has grown up in the Senate which is a nullification of the Constitution. The Constitution gives to the President the nominating power. The "courtesy" of the Senate vests it in a Senator. The contemplation of the Constitution is that the Senate shall judge each nomination upon its merits. The abuse of the Senate makes confirmation depend upon the will of the Senator from the State in which the office is to be exercised. Of course any good reason, whether stated by such a Senator or by any other, goes to the merit of the nomination, and being established, is a constitutional ground of rejection. But the private and personal political interests of a Senator are not a good reason, although the "courtesy" of the Senate makes them such. We do not here enter into the general question of the limitations of the Executive power of removal, because the Republican Senators who are most opposed to the President acknowledged no such limitations under the GRANT administration. If they now propose to take the ground that there can be no removal without the consent of the Senate, they will find that that position has been very seriously affected by the modern Senatorial usurpation of Executive rights. Meanwhile no Senator who advised and consented to the appointment of Mr. PAYN as United States Marshal of this district in place of Mr. FISKE can consistently refuse to advise and consent to the appointment of Mr. ROOSEVELT in place of Mr. ARTHUR.

DEBASING THE CURRENCY.

THE action of the House of Representatives upon the Silver Bill shows that upon one of the most vital questions of public policy party lines are obliterated. Of one hundred and sixty-three votes for a measure of practical inflation, and therefore of repudiation, seventy-one were Republican, while of the thirty-four negative votes nine were Democrats, including ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and FERNANDO WOOD. Among the Republicans who supported the measure were Messrs. J. D. COX, FOSTER, and JAMES MONROE, of Ohio. The sectional aspect of the vote is not less striking. New England did not furnish a single vote for the attack upon the public credit and the national honor; New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania together cast nine affirmative and nine negative votes; Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas, West Virginia, Nevada, and Nebraska, with Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas, voted solidly in favor of a debased currency, with the greatly preponderating vote of Georgia, Missouri, Michigan, Texas, and California. The West and the South are thus overwhelmingly in favor of practical inflation as against the great Middle States and New England; and Republicans like FOSTER and MONROE, of Ohio, join Judge KELLEY in a common cause with the extreme inflationists.

The fate of the bill, which provides for the restoration of the old silver dollar at its old value as an unlimited legal tender for all debts, public and private, now lies with the Senate, and then with the President. The action of the Senate can not be anticipated. The Republican ability of that body, without exception, will be opposed to the bill, and one at least of the two Democratic leaders—Mr. BAYARD—has been hostile to every form of inflation and all tampering with the public faith. Mr. THURMAN is more ductile, and would probably find reasons for not withstanding the determined policy of his party in the West and the South. If the project should pass the Senate, the only hope would be the veto of the President. There is no reason to suppose that he is less a hard-money man, in the usual and intelligible sense of the term, than when he was elected Governor of Ohio in 1875 upon a plain platform of honest money, and it is not to be supposed that he would approve a bill which practically reduces the value of the dollar to ninety-two cents, and that at a time when greenbacks are worth ninety-seven cents. The enormous injustice and immediate loss and derangement resulting from such a measure are evident. But the prospect that it opens is still more dismal.

After four years of industrial prostration and disaster, the country has been gradually but healthfully recovering. The condition of continued recovery and the restoration of a sound renewal of business activity is confidence. Confidence is based alone upon a general conviction of steady adhesion to the policy already laid down, which is substantially that of resumption in 1879 upon a gold basis. But the action of the House throws every thing into disorder. It is a blow both at the public credit and at the character of our statesmanship, and should it be sustained by the Senate and the Executive, we should enter upon another epoch of inflation and inevitable disaster. Politically, as we said, this question has dissolved party bonds. It can only be affirmed in general that the Democratic party is responsible for the House and its action, and that there were but nine Democratic votes against this most mischievous measure.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE "institutions" of the city of New York, by which are meant the prisons and charitable hospitals upon the islands, are always mentioned with great complacency as justifying the pride of the citizens in the metropolis. But this complacency is rudely shocked by the late report of a committee of the State Board of Charities to the Board of Apportionment, in which some very revolting statements are plainly made—statements which the Commissioners of Charities and Correction do not altogether deny, but for which they hold the niggardly appropriations responsible. Every body wishes that the city expenses should be reduced. But they should be reduced by cutting off extravagances and abolishing abuses, not by stinting the allowances for the proper care of the sick and the suffering. The proper maintenance of the public charities is peculiarly the interest of the poorer classes, for it is from them that the patients come. The "city institutions" are the concern of the poor rather than of the rich, and adequate and decent care of those who are sent to the islands is not extravagance, but economy.

The committee, however, who have evidently made a very careful study of the whole subject, and know distinctly what they are discussing, do not attribute the wretched condition of things exclusively to inadequate appropriations. Some of the evils, such as overcrowding, insufficient food, lack of the proper number of attendants for the sick and insane, and of keepers for the work-house prisoners, may be explained by want of means, and these would be evils enough to discredit any city. But the parent evil, even if there were plenty of money, is, in the opinion of the committee, the system by which the institutions are governed. There is no responsible head to any one of the hospitals and asylums; no superintendent who has authority to issue orders and to punish subordinates if the orders are disregarded, or who can justly be held responsible for his subordinates or for the condition of any institution. Every person employed, from a superintendent to a cook, holds his position on exactly the same ground and from the same power. The primary condition of an effective organization—graded responsibility—is wholly wanting. Every subordinate regards the Commissioners as his immediate superiors, and the consequences may be imagined. Last April the committee of the Board of Charities urged upon the Commissioners the necessity of a change of system by which a strict responsibility could be introduced into the management, and suggesting that the places in hospitals and charitable institutions can not wisely be given for political reasons. The recommendation had, of course, no effect.

The Commissioners of Charities and Correction have under their charge nearly ten thousand persons, whose moral welfare largely depends upon them. They deal with one of the most difficult and vital of all modern social problems. Their power is not absolute, but they could do very much to advance civilization by proving every method of care of the poor and criminal classes. But the committee say plainly that generation

after generation is being bred up to pauperism and crime. "It is not a question of a few thousand dollars saved this year or next year—it is a question of thousands of souls degraded and tainted with every form of vice, and this in the public institutions of the city of New York, and under the control of her officials." This is grave truth-telling. It is to be hoped that there is public intelligence and spirit enough not to let the subject drop with the protest of the committee of the State Board.

TWO QUESTIONS FOR THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

IF, as now appears, the Republicans have carried both Houses of the Legislature in New York, there are two questions upon which they ought to be united. One is that of the apportionment of the State, and the other that of the submission of the city amendments. The Republicans are responsible for the failure of the apportionment last year, and it was rather amusing to read, in the address of the State Committee just before the late election, that the election would settle whether the apportionment would be fair, just, and equitable. The Legislature was Republican last year, and why did it not then make a fair, just, and equitable apportionment? This year it will be more distinctly and imperatively demanded, and neither the State nor the party can gain any thing by failure to do the work.

The other question, that of the submission of the amendments, is one upon which we hope there will be no party difference. There may, indeed, be diverse views in the party as to the wisdom of the specific measure. But there can be no doubt that when a notorious evil exists, confessed by men of all parties, and a non-partisan, intelligent, and peculiarly competent commission, after careful deliberation, recommends a remedy, the people should be allowed to decide whether it shall be adopted or rejected. This is the only point involved in the submission of the amendments, and the arguments alleging disfranchisement of the poor, etc., are entirely irrelevant to it. The political community is a unit, and by the laws of our popular system the majority properly decides what regulations in the fundamental law are best for the common welfare. The Constitution of the State itself was so adopted, and those who objected to certain provisions in it might have argued against its submission to the popular vote as plausibly as those who now object to the city amendments oppose their submission. It is true that the amendments were not prepared by a Convention popularly elected; but they were proposed by a legislative Commission precisely as the amendments were which were recently adopted and are now a part of the fundamental law. If the amendments work so great a wrong upon the people as is asserted, can not the people be trusted to vote them down? Why should the opponents of the amendments be afraid to let the people pass upon them? By authorizing their submission the Legislature neither approves nor disapproves them. It merely authorizes the people to decide for themselves.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

IN the December number of *Harper's Monthly*, which will be published at the same time with this paper, is the longest and most important poem of Mr. LONGFELLOW'S that has been lately published. It is a very characteristic work, full of the subtle art, and tender feeling, and graphic and graceful melodious description which are so inimitable in the verse of this master. None of our poets is so absolute and exquisite an artist as LONGFELLOW, and none is more free from every touch of artifice. There is a simplicity and clear intelligibility in his verse which is a despair to imitators, for it is the result not of carelessness, but of the most thoughtful care. Yet in his long and remarkable career neither his universal popularity and the personal interest and regard which have attended him, nor the singular felicity of his poetic touch, have betrayed him into any excess, or mannerism, or imitation of himself. This excess is observable in some other noted living poets, but LONGFELLOW'S tranquil self-command is one of the chief charms of his poetry.

His new poem is called "Kéramos." It is a Greek word meaning earthenware, and the subject of the poem is pottery. Many a devotee of the ceramic art, versed in all its intricacies and learned in names and times and comparative values, will be amazed at the beautiful glamour with which the poet invests the art of pottery. To the collector, a Spode, or a piece of Faience, or, if possible, a Palissy, is pottery. But, to make a sorry jest, to the poet they are poetry. Watching the busy artificer at his toil, the musing singer makes a tour of the world, and sketches in music a series of airy pictures rich with the hues of romance and fancy. The pretty and profuse illustrations follow the hint of the verse. Under a blossoming hawthorn-tree the poet watches the potter, and the potter's meditative and moralizing song is the recurring refrain of the poem. Whenever it comes it is a variation upon the same theme.

> "Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
> To something new, to something strange:
> Nothing that is can pause or stay:
> The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
> The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
> The rain to mist and cloud again,
> To-morrow be to-day."

As he sings, "the wizard in a motley cloak," woven of the shade of leaves, transports the listening poet across the sea beyond the shores of France, to Delft, with all its ware, to the blue Charente and the spires of Saintes, the home of PALISSY; then on "above the bright Majorcan isle" to Italy, to Faenza, Florence, Pesaro, Urbino, the home of XANTO, GIORGIO, and LUCA DELLA ROBBIA; to the old vineyarded Apulian fields with vases, urns, and bass-reliefs; then farther away to Cairo, Egypt, the land of the lotus, the Sphinx, the ibis, the scarabee; and still on, "o'er Ganges and o'er Himalay," to the country of the "willow pattern" and of the porcelain tower of Nankin, and beyond to the villages of Imari and snowy Fusiyama's cone. All the while the potter turns his wheel and murmurs his song, until suddenly the bell rings for noon. The wheel stops, the potter throws his apron down upon the grass, and the poem ends with the last stanza of his refrain. We do not quote, for every reader will prefer that his delight in this beautiful poem shall not be anticipated.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.

AMONG the incidents of the political news from France is the statement that the M'MAHON cabinet contemplated the prosecution of VICTOR HUGO for the publication of the *History of a Crime*—the graphic story which appears in our columns from week to week. But knowing that the Senate would probably not authorize the prosecution of one of its own members, the project was abandoned. If M'MAHON would but take the advice which Mr. NAST offers him in his cartoon of the two Presidents, last week, he would do the only service to his country that he can now render. The situation in France changes every day. But one thing is pretty clear, and it is that if M'MAHON will neither submit nor resign, there will be trouble. He is in no doubt how the country feels. He knows, as the whole world knows, that the majority of the people are very largely against him. He can not pretend that they were coerced, and that the election was not a fair expression, because all the coercion, bribery, intimidation, and machinery of the state and the Church were upon the M'MAHON side, and not upon that of the people. In the fairest and fullest sense the country has pronounced against him. If he doggedly refuses to yield to its will, it is because he relies upon the army, and takes the risk of civil war.

One of the stories from Paris is that at the first meeting of the ministers after the election the Duc de Broglie remarked contemptuously that, according to parliamentary rules, he supposed that they ought to resign. That did seem to be tolerably clear, as when a man is kicked out of a house it is a fair presumption that he is not wanted. The ministry acted upon this presumption, and offered its resignation, but the marshal requested it to remain. Conciliation is desirable undoubtedly, and wise men will at least seek a mutual understanding. But there can be no understanding by which a ministry which the country has discarded can retain its place, nor any kind of compromise which does not begin by a full recognition of the republic, the constitution, and the laws. It is still possible for M'MAHON, under the form of law, to ask consent of the Senate for a dissolution of the new Assembly and a new election. But such a course would be a wanton defiance of the spirit and intent of the constitution.

The summer and autumn have shown a self-restraint upon the part of the French which had not been supposed possible in the "Latin race." We justly pride ourselves in this country upon the peaceful manner in which the great question of last year was settled; and we may properly congratulate the French people that under so monstrous an act as that of M'MAHON on the 16th of May, they have remained so tranquil, and held their elections as quietly as Americans. The probable course of the French, especially of the Parisians, in a great and sudden political crisis, is an immediate rush to the barricades. Their extraordinary melodramatic character is shown in the account which VICTOR HUGO gives in the *History of a Crime* of the action of the Deputies and the people at the time of the *coup d'état*. It is less like a tale of real life than of the theatre. And nothing could more forcibly show how entirely unused the people were to the actual conduct of affairs than the conscious heroic posing and grandiloquence of those who should be leaders. This makes the self-restraint of the present crisis all the more striking and significant. In almost every crisis of the last quarter of a century in France there has been a very general feeling in other countries that, however unjust and cruel the action of the Government might be, it was probably, upon the whole, better for France and civilization that the Government should prevail. This is no longer the impression. The friends of good order, as founded upon good government, must now universally desire the success of a majority which has shown itself able to meet a political wrong without a barricade.

PERSONAL.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who has been "due" at any and all times during the last fifteen years, is one of the cheeriest of invalids. He wears gloves on hands as small as those of a ten-year-old child, relishes rich food, though butter and eggs are forbidden him, takes an occasional whiff of tobacco, and when in health has two ounces of whiskey or brandy after dinner. He would rather be hanged in the United States than live in any other country; supports Mr. HAYES because his administration has brought peace to the country; and likes GRANT personally as a man without guile, who made a tremendous blunder in abandoning the Generalship of the Army for the Presidency.

—The vote for Hon. JOHN R. BRADY for Judge of the Supreme Court of the First District, cast on the 6th inst., was 123,000, the largest vote ever cast for any man for any office in the city of New York.

—Mr. RUSKIN has given in simple and affectionate language his regard for the memory of his father, who lies buried at Shirley under a granite tomb, on which is this inscription: "Here rests from days' well-sustained burden JOHN JAMES RUSKIN, born in Edinburgh May 10, 1785. He died in his home in London March 3, 1864. He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the utmost and taught to speak truth, says this of him."

—Among the best and most practical speeches made at the Church Congress recently held in this city was one by the Rev. Dr. POTTER, rector of Grace Church, on "The Organization and Administration of Charity." In the course of his remarks he said the popular opinion was that "clergymen reached the souls of poor people best when they also reached their stomachs. The clergyman was regarded by recipients of charity as a pigeon to be plucked, and sanctimoniousness as the trap to catch him. A very decent old woman once told a pastor that she managed with difficulty to make both ends meet, but she was not bad enough to go to Wednesday and Friday prayers. [Laughter.] This struck the pastor as a most extraordinary remark, and he inquired her meaning. He then learned that a certain number of poor persons who were in the habit of attending the prayers in question, but who received five shillings at stated times from the clergyman, were really drunken and vicious, and that their attendance at service was merely a trick to gain alms."

—Mr. B. L. FARJEON, the novelist, who arrived recently in New York, is in the very prime of life—forty-three. He was born in London, and his parents were noted for scholarship and culture. He learned the trade of compositor, but soon joined the editorial corps, to which he was devoted until his success as a novelist, commencing some six years ago, induced him to devote himself to fiction. His best editorial work is said to have been done at Duneiden, New Zealand, whither he went on the discovery of the gold fields. He there established the *Octago Times*, printed then on paper of letter-sheet size, but now grown to the size of the London *Times*. Mr. FARJEON has written several plays, and it is understood that his own dramatization of *Grif* will be presented in New York. His novels are among the most popular that have been published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Ex-Governor COLBURN, of Maine, is the largest land-holder in America, being the owner of 708,000 acres, of which 450,000 acres are in Maine, 135,000 in Canada, 35,000 in Wisconsin, 35,000 in Michigan, 18,000 in Minnesota, and 35,000 in Dakota. Mr. WHIPPLE, his agent, has recently been to Dakota to look after his last purchase, and reports the land as being very fine. It is especially adapted to growing cereals. The Governor's charities, it is said, amount to over $100,000 per annum.

—The town of Paris, Maine, boasts that it has furnished, directly or indirectly, one Vice-President of the United States, a cabinet minister, two United States Senators, twelve Representatives, four Governors, and two United States marshals.

—Mr. BARNUM gives to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington the skins and skeletons of rare animals which die in his collection, and pays the expense of mounting them.

—Lieutenant JEROME, of the Seventh Cavalry, who distinguished himself for gallantry in one of the recent battles with the Nez Percés Indians, is a son of Mr. LAWRENCE R. JEROME, of this city. A *Herald* correspondent, who gives some interesting "After-Gossip of the Battle-Field," says: "His distinguishing feat during the battle—one that entitles him to the highest credit as an officer—was the saving of the Seventh Cavalry from absolute annihilation. While the Indians, after Captain HALE'S death, were pouring a deadly hurricane of lead upon the Seventh's battalion, Lieutenant JEROME, coming up on the opposite side of the cut, bank, or ravine, assailed the savages with a deadly fusillade, which continued for two or three minutes, drove them into their pits, and allowed the remnants of the Seventh Cavalry to withdraw. Lieutenant JEROME, like his brother officers, presents a highly unmilitary but a very war-worn appearance. He is the most dashing and handsome of them all. His costume nearly resembles that of a prairie scout, and would astonish the denizens of his father's household and the *habitués* of the Union Club. He wears a velveteen coat, buckskin pantaloons, and heavy cavalry boots. On his head is a battered drab slouched hat with a black ribbon. He gave this evening, in the presence of one or two of his brother officers, an account of the battle and his share in it, which in essential respects had been anticipated by the stories of the scouts. But neither the scouts nor any one else with whom I have conversed gave the twang, the peculiar flavor, to the narrative which the young lieutenant himself gave it, and which he must have derived the knack of giving to any story from his inimitable sire."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

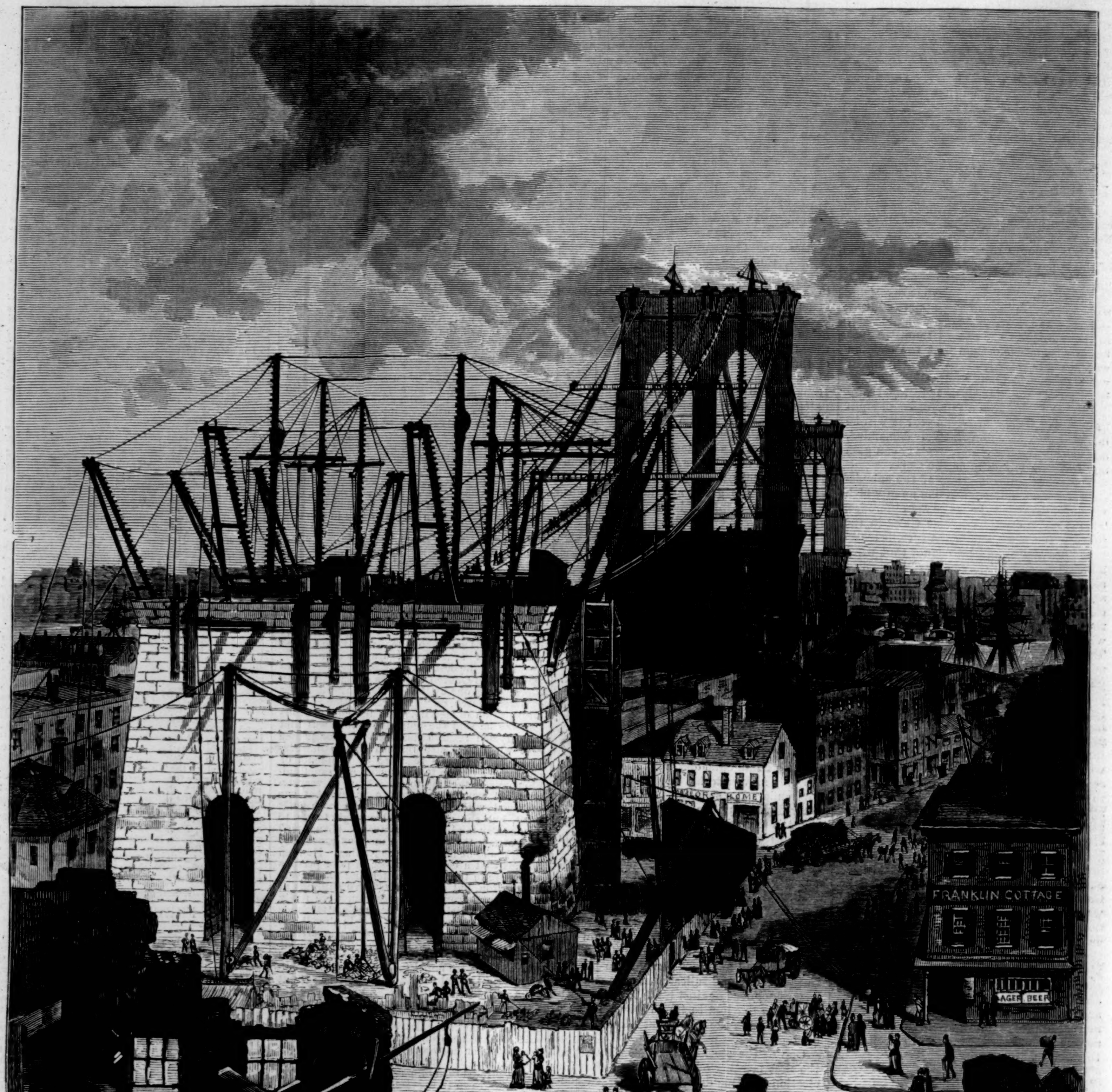
CONGRESS: Two more bills for the remonetization of silver were presented in the House, on the 3d inst., and referred to committees.—In the House, on the 4th, 190 bills were introduced, and the Bland Silver Bill was passed by a vote of 163 to 34. Mr. Bland's bill provides for the coinage of a silver dollar of 412½ grains, and makes it legal tender for all debts, public and private, without limitation, excepting in contracts to pay otherwise. Mr. Fry, of Maine, introduced a bill to amend the Bankrupt Law.—On the 6th, the Senate referred the Bland Silver Bill to the Committee on Finance. The Postmaster-General asked a deficiency appropriation of $681,680 37. In the House a bill was introduced to limit the Presidential term to six years; and a resolution was offered declaring that officials receiving $2500 salary and upward shall not be permitted to engage in other business.—The bill to repeal the third section of the Resumption Act was discussed in the House on the 6th and 7th. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, advocated his amendment, which provides that after January 1, 1878, the Secretary of the Treasury shall redeem greenbacks as presented, at ninety-seven cents in coin; after July 1, 1878, at ninety-seven and a half cents; after January 1, 1879, at ninety-eight cents; after July 1, 1879, at ninety-eight and a half cents; after January 1, 1880, ninety-nine cents; after July 1, 1880, at ninety-nine and a half cents; and after January 1, 1881, at par; and that all in excess of $300,000,000 shall be cancelled as redeemed, together with the fractional currency as it shall be redeemed; but that redeemed greenbacks, after the whole amount shall have been reduced to $300,000,000, shall be re-issued under the ordinary appropriations of Congress; and to enable the Secretary to thus redeem, he may use any surplus funds in the Treasury, or sell, at not less than par in coin, bonds authorized by the Refunding Act.—The Deficiency Bill, amounting to $2,240,664 99, was reported in the House on the 7th. Of this sum $2,003,861 27 is for the Navy.—In the Senate, on the 8th, the resolutions of inquiry in regard to the Texas border troubles and the progress of the Union Pacific Railroad were called up and agreed to.—Mr. John Welsh's nomination as minister to England was confirmed on the 9th. The Army Appropriations Bill was discussed by the House in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Schleicher, of Texas, offered an amendment to strike out the prohibition to recruit the army beyond its present strength. Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, moved to reduce the army to 15,000 men. On the 9th, an amendment offered by Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, prohibiting recruiting beyond the number on the rolls November 1, excepting for the cavalry service and for the protection of the Mexican and Indian frontiers, was adopted by 125 to 115, and afterward modified by a prohibition of recruiting beyond 25,000 men. The committee rose without further action, and the House adjourned.

Elections were held, on the 6th inst., in thirteen States, with the following results, as nearly as can be ascertained at the time of this writing: Massachusetts, Governor Rice, Republican, re-elected by a plurality of about 18,000, and Legislature Republican; Connecticut, Republican plurality 836; Wisconsin, Republican majority over 5000; Minnesota, Republican majority 12,000; Nebraska, Republican majority 5000 to 8000; Kansas, Republican majority 20,000 to 30,000; New York, Democratic majority 15,000, with Legislature Republican; New Jersey, M'Clellan Governor by a plurality of 13,500; Pennsylvania, Democratic plurality 10,000; Maryland, Democratic, 20,000 majority; Mississippi and Virginia, Democratic.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Turks were badly whipped, on the 5th inst., at Deve-Boyun, a fortified mountain crest near Erzerum. The Russians say the battle lasted nine hours, and that the Turks fled in great disorder, abandoning their camp, arms, and provisions. Mukhtar Pasha charges his defeat to the cowardice of some of his officers, who were panic-stricken, and abandoned several guns.—On the 9th, the Russians attacked the Turks at Azizie, but they were repulsed and driven four or five miles from Erzerum.—The news from Bulgaria is cheering for the Russians. An official dispatch dated Bogot, November 2, says: "General Kauzeff announces the capture of Dae-Tetewen, north-east of Orchanie, where there were seven large and thirty small fortified positions. The Turks left upward of 100 dead on the field. Our loss was insignificant. We seized a large quantity of provisions, tools for intrenchments, cartridges, and a herd of cattle. Yesterday the Grand Duke Nicholas inspected the positions we have occupied at Gorny-Dubnik, from which the Turks, on the approach of the Russians on the 31st ult., withdrew during the night to Plevna. Thus this important point has passed into our hands without fighting. The same day we advanced from Dubnik two versts [1.26 miles] nearer to Plevna. We are also intrenching in new positions toward Orchanie. Our infantry occupied Lukowitza, and the cavalry made a further advance. Chefket Pasha is retiring, without fighting, toward Orchanie." The Turks, on the other hand, officially describe the situation thus: "Fighting continues on the Orchanie and Plevna road. Chefket Pasha occupies a position commanding the junction of the Orchanie and Plevna and the Orchanie and Lovcha roads. The Russian advance has been repulsed with heavy loss. Re-enforcements are arriving rapidly. An attempt to retake Telische will be made immediately."—A Russian official dispatch published on the 7th inst. says: "A squadron of our cavalry has occupied the road from Rahova to Widdin. Rahova was occupied by 1500 Turkish infantry, part of whom, with the inhabitants, withdrew on the approach of our reconnoitring force. On Sunday night General Skobeleff pushed on to Brestovec, south of Plevna, threw up batteries there, and after a violent cannonade, attacked the Turkish position with infantry." As the above dispatch does not report the result, the attack was probably unsuccessful.—A Turkish force numbering 3000 or 4000 men, from south of the Balkans, attacked a force of Russians at Mahred, south of Elena and east of Tirnova. After three hours' fighting, the Turks retreated, leaving 100 dead and many wounded.—A conspiracy to restore the ex-Sultan Murad to the throne has been discovered in Constantinople, and many prominent dignitaries have been arrested.—Four hundred of the principal families of Bulgaria, including the Geshoffs and their families, have been sentenced to exile in Asia Minor. They started from Philippopolis, on the 8th, in chains and under strong escort.—The Russians officially report their total loss of 64,801 men from the beginning of hostilities up to the 1st inst.

The elections in France, on the 4th inst., gave the conservatives a majority in forty-two Councils-General, and the republicans in thirty-nine. The majority in one is doubtful, and in five the parties are equally divided. Formerly the conservatives had a majority in forty-seven, and the republicans in thirty-nine, with one doubtful. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies assembled on the 7th. No message was received from President M'Mahon. M. Grèvy was chosen Provisional President of the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 290 to 170.



THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE—DEMOLITION OF BUILDINGS FOR THE NEW YORK APPROACH.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 923.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.

X.

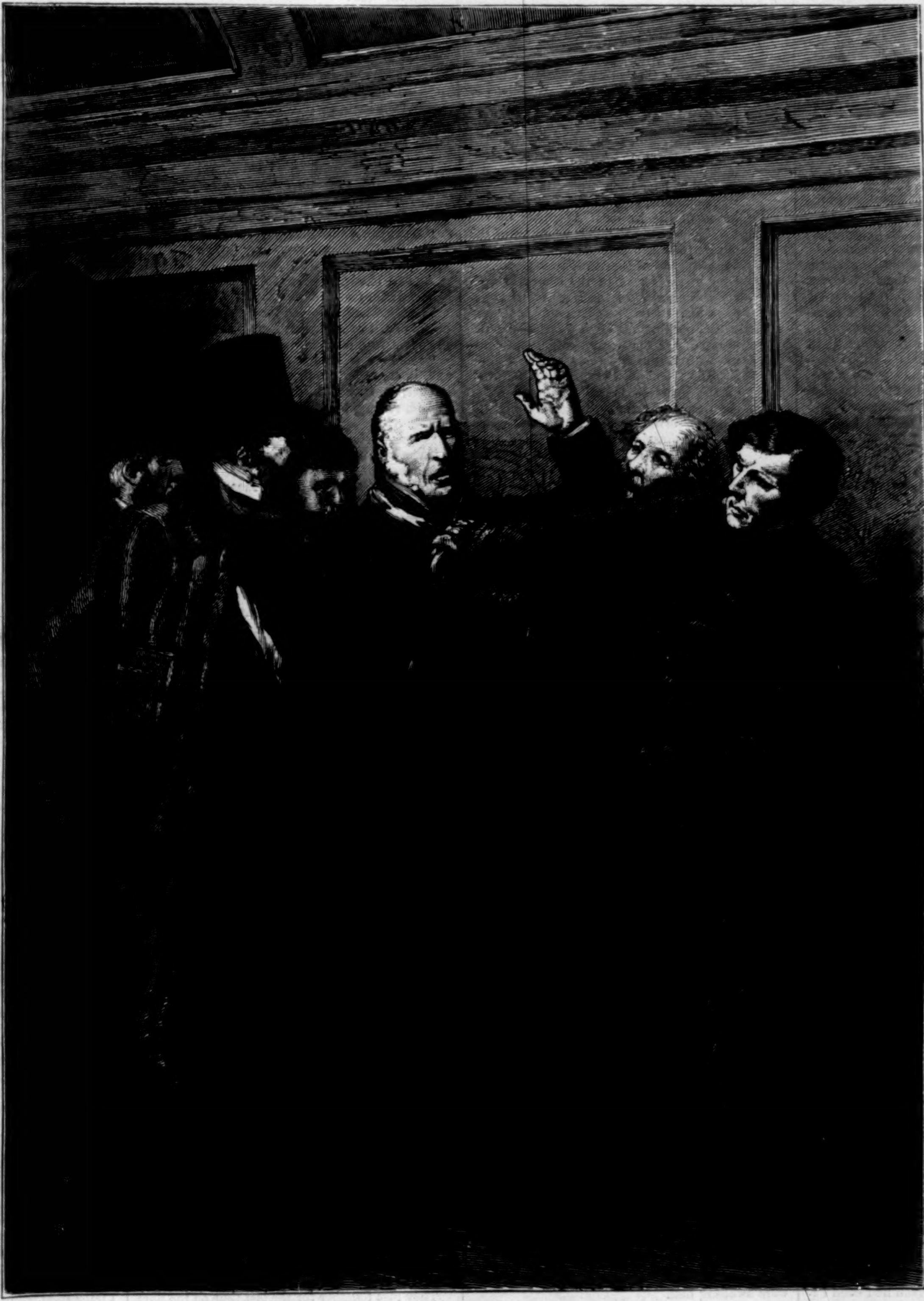
THE BLACK DOOR.

M. Dupin is a matchless disgrace.

Later on he had his reward. It appears that he became some sort of an attorney-general at the Court of Appeal.

M. Dupin renders to Louis Bonaparte the service of being in his place the meanest of men.

To continue this dismal history.



M. DUPIN SEIZED BY HIS FELLOW-REPRESENTATIVES.

"They used violence toward him, they girded him with a scarf like a cord round his neck, and, as they had threatened, they dragged him toward the Hall."—[See Page 902, No. 1090.]

The Representatives of the Right, in their first bewilderment caused by the *Coup d'État*, hastened in large numbers to M. Daru, who was Vice-President of the Assembly, and at the same time one of the Presidents of the Pyramid Club. This Association had always supported the policy of the Elysée, but without believing that a *Coup d'État* was premeditated. M. Daru lived at No. 75 Rue de Lille.

Toward ten o'clock in the morning about a hundred of these Representatives had assembled at M. Daru's home. They resolved to attempt to penetrate into the Hall where the Assembly held its sittings. The Rue de Lille opens out into the Rue de Bourgogne, almost opposite the little door by which the Palace is entered, and which is called the Black Door.

They turned their steps toward this door, with M. Daru at their head. They marched arm in arm and three abreast. Some of them had put on their scarfs of office. They took them off later on.

The Black Door, half open as usual, was only guarded by two sentries.

Some of the most indignant, and among them M. De Kerdrel, rushed toward this door and tried to pass. The door, however, was violently shut, and there ensued between the Representatives and the *sergents de ville*, who hastened up, a species of struggle, in which a Representative had his wrist sprained.

At the same time a battalion which was drawn up on the Place de Bourgogne moved on, and came at the double toward the group of Representatives. M. Daru, stately and firm, signed to the commander to stop; the battalion halted, and M. Daru, in the name of the Constitution, and in his capacity as Vice-President of the Assembly, summoned the soldiers to lay down their arms, and to give free passage to the Representatives of the Sovereign People.

The commander of the battalion replied by an order to clear the street immediately, declaring that there was no longer an Assembly; that as for himself, he did not know what the Representatives of the People were, and that if those persons before him did not retire of their own accord, he would drive them back by force.

"We will only yield to violence," said M. Daru.

"You commit high treason," added M. De Kerdrel.

The officer gave the order to charge.

The soldiers advanced in close order.

There was a moment of confusion. Almost a collision. The Representatives, forcibly driven back, ebbed into the Rue de Lille. Some of them fell down. Several members of the Right were rolled in the mud by the soldiers. One of them, M. Étienne, received a blow on the shoulder from the butt end of a musket. We may here add that a week afterward M. Étienne was a member of that concern which they styled the Consultation Committee. He found the *Coup d'État* to his taste, the blow with the butt end of a musket included.

They went back to M. Daru's house, and on the way the scattered group re-united, and was even strengthened by some new-comers.

"Gentlemen," said M. Daru, "the President has failed us; the Hall is closed against us. I am the Vice-President; my house is the Palace of the Assembly."

He opened a large room, and there the Representatives of the Right installed themselves. At first the discussions were somewhat noisy. M. Daru, however, observed that the moments were precious, and silence was restored.

The first measure to be taken was evidently the deposition of the President of the Republic, by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution. Some Representatives of the party which was called *Burgraves* sat round a table, and prepared the deed of deposition.

As they were about to read it aloud, a Representative who came in from out-of-doors appeared at the door of the room, and announced to the Assembly that the Rue de Lille was becoming filled with troops, and that the house was being surrounded.

There was not a moment to lose.

M. Benoist d'Azy said, "Gentlemen, let us go to the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement; there we shall be able to deliberate under the protection of the Tenth Legion, of which our colleague, General Lauriston, is the colonel."

M. Daru's house had a back entrance by a little door which was at the bottom of the garden. Most of the Representatives went out that way.

M. Daru was about to follow them. Only himself, M. Odillon Barrot, and two or three others remained in the room when the door opened. A captain entered, and said to M. Daru:

"Sir, you are my prisoner."

"Where am I to follow you?" asked M. Daru.

"I have orders to watch over you in your own house."

The house, in truth, was militarily occupied, and it was thus that M. Daru was prevented from taking part in the sitting at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement.

The officer allowed M. Odillon Barrot to go out.

XI.

THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

While all this was taking place on the left bank of the river, toward noon a man was noticed walking up and down the great Salle des Pas Perdus of the Palace of Justice. This man, carefully buttoned up in an overcoat, appeared to be attended at a distance by several possible supporters—for certain police enterprises employ assistants whose dubious appearance renders the passers-by uneasy, so much so that they wonder whether they are magistrates or thieves. The man in the buttoned-up overcoat loitered from door to door, from lobby to lobby, exchanging signs of intelligence with the myrmidons who followed him; then came back to the great Hall, stopping on the way the barristers, solicitors, sheriffs, officers, clerks, and attendants, and repeating to all, in a low voice, so as not to be heard by the passers-by, the same question. To this question some answered, "Yes;" others replied, "No." And the man set to work again prowling about the Palace of Justice with the appearance of a blood-hound seeking the trail.

He was a commissary of the Arsenal police.

What was he looking for?

The High Court of Justice.

What was the High Court of Justice doing?

It was hiding.

Why? To sit in judgment?

Yes and no.

The commissary of the Arsenal police had that morning received from the Prefect Maupas the order to search every where for the place where the High Court of Justice might be sitting, if perchance it thought it its duty to meet. Confusing the High Court with the Council of State, the Commissary of Police had first gone to the Quai d'Orsay. Having found nothing, not even the Council of State, he had come away empty-handed; at all events, had turned his steps toward the Palace of Justice, thinking that as he had to search for justice, he would perhaps find it there.

Not finding it, he went away.

The High Court, however, had nevertheless met together.

Where, and how? We shall see.

At the period whose annals we are now chronicling, before the present reconstructions of the old buildings of Paris, when the Palace of Justice was reached by the Cour de Harlay, a staircase the reverse of majestic led thither by turning out into a long corridor called the Galerie Mercière. Toward the middle of this corridor there were two doors, one on the right which led to the Court of Appeal, the other on the left which led to the Court of Cassation. The folding-doors to the left opened upon an old gallery called St. Louis, recently restored, and which serves at the present time for a Salle de Pas Perdus to the barristers of the Court of Cassation. A wooden statue of St. Louis stood opposite the entrance door. An entrance contrived in a niche to the right of this statue led into a winding lobby ending in a sort of blind passage, which apparently was closed by two double doors. On the door to the right might be read, "First President's Room;" on the door to the left, "Council Chamber." Between these two doors, for the convenience of the barristers going from the Hall to the Civil Chamber, which formerly was the Great Chamber of Parliament, had been formed a narrow and dark passage, in which, as one of them remarked, "every crime could be committed with impunity."

Leaving on one side the First President's Room, and opening the door which bore the inscription "Council Chamber," a large room was crossed, furnished with a huge horseshoe table, surrounded by green chairs. At the end of this room, which in 1793 had served as a deliberating hall for the juries of the Revolutionary Tribunal, there was a door placed in the wainscoting, which led into a little lobby, where were two doors; on the right the door of the room appertaining to the President of the Criminal Chamber; on the left the door of the Refreshment Room. "Sentenced to death!—Now let us go and dine!" These two ideas, Death and Dinner, have jostled against each other for centuries. A third door closed the extremity of this lobby. This door was, so to speak, the last of the Palace of Justice, the farthest off, the least known, the most hidden; it opened into what was called the Library of the Cour de Cassation—a large square room lighted by two windows overlooking the great inner yard of the Conciergerie, furnished with a few leather chairs, a large table covered with green cloth, and law-books lining the walls from the floor to the ceiling.

This room, as may be seen, is the most secluded and the best hidden of any in the Palace.

It was here—in this room—that there arrived successively on the 2d December, toward eleven o'clock in the morning, numerous men dressed in black, without robes, without badges of office, affrighted, bewildered, shaking their heads, and whispering together. These trembling men were the High Court of Justice.

The High Court of Justice, according to the terms of the Constitution, was composed of seven magistrates; a President, four Judges, and two Assistants, chosen by the Court of Cassation from among its own members, and renewed every year.

In December, 1851, these seven Judges were named Hardouin, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, Cauchy, Grandet, and Quesnault, the two last-named being Assistants.

These men, almost unknown, had nevertheless some antecedents. M. Cauchy, a few years previously President of the Chamber of the Royal Court of Paris, an amiable man and easily frightened, was the brother of the mathematician, member of the Institute, to whom we owe the computation of waves of sound, and of the ex-Registrar Archivist of the Chamber of Peers. M. Delapalme had been Advocate-General, and had taken a prominent part in the Press trials under the Restoration; M. Pataille had been Deputy of the Centre under the Monarchy of July; M. Moreau (de la

Seine) was noteworthy inasmuch as he had been nicknamed "De la Seine" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Meurthe), who on his side was noteworthy inasmuch as he had been nicknamed "De la Meurthe" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Seine). The first Assistant, M. Grandet, had been President of the Chamber at Paris. I have read this panegyric of him: "He is known to possess no individuality or opinion of his own whatsoever." The second Assistant, M. Quesnault, a Liberal, a Deputy, a Public Functionary, Advocate-General, a Conservative, learned, obedient, had attained, by making a stepping-stone of each of these attributes, to the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, where he was known as one of the most severe members: 1848 had shocked his notion of Right; he had resigned after the 24th of February—he did not resign after the 2d December.

M. Hardouin, who presided over the High Court, was an ex-President of Assizes, a religious man, a rigid Jansenist, noted among his colleagues as a "scrupulous magistrate," living in Port Royal, a diligent reader of Nicolle, belonging to the race of the old Parliamentarians of the Marais, who used to go to the Palais de Justice mounted on a mule; the mule had now gone out of fashion, and whoever visited President Hardouin would have found no more obstinacy in his stable than in his conscience.

On the morning of the 2d December, at nine o'clock, two men mounted the stairs of M. Hardouin's house, No. 10 Rue de Condé, and met together at his door. One was M. Pataille; the other, one of the most prominent members of the Bar of the Court of Cassation, was the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg). M. Pataille had just placed himself at M. Hardouin's disposal.

Martin's first thought, while reading the placards of the *Coup d'État*, had been for the High Court. M. Hardouin ushered M. Pataille into a room adjoining his study, and received Martin (of Strasbourg) as a man to whom he did not wish to speak before witnesses. Being formally requested by Martin (of Strasbourg) to convene the High Court, he begged that he would leave him alone, declared that the High Court would "do its duty," but that first he must "confer with his colleagues," concluding with this expression, "It shall be done to-day or to-morrow." "To-day or to-morrow!" exclaimed Martin (of Strasbourg). "Mr. President, the safety of the Republic, the safety of the country perhaps, depends on what the High Court will or will not do. Your responsibility is great; bear that in mind. The High Court of Justice does not do its duty to-day or to-morrow; it does it at once, at the moment, without losing a minute, without an instant's hesitation."

Martin (of Strasbourg) was right. Justice always belongs to To-day.

Martin (of Strasbourg) added: "If you want a man for active work, I am at your service." M. Hardouin declined the offer, declared that he would not lose a moment, and begged Martin (of Strasbourg) to leave him to "confer" with his colleague, M. Pataille.

In fact, he called together the High Court for eleven o'clock, and it was settled that the meeting should take place in the Hall of the Library.

The Judges were punctual. At a quarter past eleven they were all assembled. M. Pataille arrived the last.

They sat at the end of the great green table. They were alone in the Library.

There was no ceremonial. President Hardouin thus opened the debate: "Gentlemen, there is no need to explain the situation; we all know what it is about."

Article 68 of the Constitution was imperative. It was necessary that the High Court should meet, *under penalty of high treason*. They gained time, they swore themselves in, they appointed as Recorder of the High Court M. Bernard, Recorder of the Court of Cassation, and they sent to fetch him, and while waiting requested the librarian, M. Denevers, to hold his pen in readiness. They settled the time and place for an evening meeting. They talked of the conduct of the Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), with which they were offended, regarding it almost as a nudge of the elbow given by Politics to Justice. They spoke a little of Socialism, of the Mountain, and of the Red Republic, and a little also of the judgment which they had to pronounce. They chatted, they told stories, they found fault, they speculated, they spun out the time. What were they waiting for?

We have related what the Commissary of Police was doing for his part in his department.

And, in reference to this design, when the accomplices of the *Coup d'État* considered that the people, in order to summon the High Court to do its duty, could invade the Palace of Justice, and that they would never look for it where it was assembled, they felt that this room had been excellently chosen. When, however, they considered that the police would also doubtless come to expel the High Court, and that perhaps they would not succeed in finding it, each one regretted to himself the choice of the room. They wished to hide the High Court; they had succeeded too well. It was grievous to think that perhaps, when the police and armed force should arrive, matters would have gone too far, and the High Court could be too deeply compromised.

They had appointed a Recorder, now they must organize a Court. A second step, more serious than the first.

The Judges delayed, hoping that fortune would end by deciding on one side or the other, either for the Assembly or for the President, either against the *Coup d'État* or for it, and that there might thus be a vanquished party, so that the High Court could then, with all safety, lay its hands upon somebody.

They lengthily argued the question whether they should immediately decree the accusation of the President, or whether they should draw up a simple order of inquiry. The latter course was adopted.

They drew up a judgment, not the honest and outspoken judgment which was placarded by the efforts of the Representatives of the Left and published, in which are found these words of bad taste, *Crime* and *High Treason*; this judgment, a weapon of war, has never existed otherwise than as a projectile. Wisdom in a judge sometimes consists in drawing up a judgment which is not one, one of those judgments which have no binding force, in which every thing is conditional, in which no one is incriminated, and nothing is called by its right name. There are species of intermediate courses which allow of waiting and seeing; in delicate crises men who are in earnest must not inconsiderately mingle with possible events that bluntness which is called Justice. The High Court took advantage of this; it drew up a prudent judgment; this judgment is not known; it is published here for the first time. Here it is. It is a masterpiece of equivocal style:

EXTRACT FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

"The High Court of Justice.

"According to Article 68 of the Constitution, considering that printed placards beginning with these words, 'The President of the Republic,' and ending with the signatures, 'Louis Napoléon Bonaparte' and 'De Morny, Minister of the Interior,' the said placards ordaining, among other measures, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have been posted to-day on the walls of Paris, that this fact of the dissolution of the National Assembly by the President of the Republic would be of the nature to constitute the case provided for by Article 68 of the Constitution, and renders, in the terms of the aforesaid article, the meeting of the High Court indispensable,

"It is declared that the High Court of Justice is organized, that it appoints*....to fulfill with it the functions of the Public Ministry; that M. Bernard, the Recorder of the Court of Cassation, should fulfill the duties of Recorder, and in order to proceed further, according to the terms of the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, the Court will adjourn until to-morrow, the 3d of December, at noon.

"Drawn up and discussed in the Council-Chamber, where were sitting MM. Hardouin, President, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, and Cauchy, Judges, December 2, 1851."

The two Assistants, MM. Grandet and Quesnault, offered to sign the decree, but the President ruled that it would be more correct only to accept the signatures of the titular Judges, the Assistants not being qualified when the Court was complete.

In the mean time it was one o'clock; the news began to spread through the Palace that a decree of deposition against Louis Bonaparte had been drawn up by a part of the Assembly; one of the Judges, who had gone out during the debate, brought back this rumor to his colleagues. This coincided with an outburst of energy. The President observed that it would be to the purpose to appoint a Procureur-General.

Here was a difficulty. Whom should they appoint? In all preceding trials they had always chosen for a Procureur-General at the High Court the Procureur-General at the Court of Appeal of Paris. Why should they introduce an innovation? They determined upon this Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal. This Procureur-General was at the time M. De Royer, who had been Keeper of the Seals for M. Bonaparte. Thence a new difficulty and a long debate.

Would M. De Royer consent? M. Hardouin undertook to go and make the offer to him. He had only to cross the Mercière Gallery.

M. De Royer was in his study. The proposal greatly embarrassed him. He remained speechless from the shock. To accept was serious, to refuse was still more serious.

There was risk of treason. On the 2d December, an hour after noon, the *Coup d'État* was still a crime. M. De Royer, not knowing whether the high treason would succeed, ventured to stigmatize the deed as such in private, and cast down his eyes with a noble shame before this violation of the laws which, three months later, numerous purple robes, including his own, indorsed with their oaths. But his indignation did not go to the extent of supporting the indictment. An indictment speaks aloud. M. De Royer as yet only murmured. He was perplexed.

M. Hardouin understood this state of conscience. Persistence would have been unreasonable. He withdrew.

He returned to the room where his colleagues were awaiting him.

In the mean time the Commissary of the Arsenal Police had come back.

He had ended by succeeding in "unearthing"—such was his expression—the High Court. He penetrated as far as the Council-Chamber of the Civil Chamber; at that moment he had still no other escort than the few police agents of the morning. A boy was passing by. The Commissary asked him the whereabouts of the High Court. "The High Court?" answered the boy; "what is that?" Nevertheless the boy told the librarian, who came up. A few words were exchanged between M. Denevers and the Commissary.

"What are you asking for?"

"The High Court."

"Who are you?"

"I want the High Court."

"It is in session."

"Where is it sitting?"

"Here."

And the librarian pointed to the door.

"Very well," said the Commissary.

* This line was left blank. It was filled in later on with the name of M. Renouard, Councilor of the Court of Cassation.

He did not add another word, and returned into the Mercière Gallery.

We have just said that he was only accompanied at that time by a few police agents.

The High Court was, in truth, in session. The President was relating to the Judges his visit to the Procureur-General. Suddenly a tumultuous sound of footsteps is heard in the lobby which leads from the Council-Chamber to the room where they were deliberating. The door opens abruptly. Bayonets appear, and in the midst of the bayonets a man in a buttoned-up overcoat, with a tricolored sash upon his coat.

The magistrates stare, stupefied.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "dissolve your meeting immediately."

President Hardouin rises.

"What does this mean? Who are you? Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"I am aware. You are the High Court, and I am the Commissary of the Police."

"Well, then?"

"Be off."

There were there thirty-five municipal guards, commanded by a lieutenant, and with a drum at their head.

"But—" said the President.

The Commissary interrupted him with these words, which are literally given:

"Mr. President, I am not going to enter upon an oratorical combat with you. I have my orders, and I transmit them to you. Obey."

"Whom?"

"The Prefect of Police."

The President asked this strange question, which implied the acceptance of an order.

"Have you a warrant?"

The Commissary answered:

"Yes."

And he handed a paper to the President.

The Judges turned pale.

The President unfolded the paper; M. Cauchy put his head over M. Hardouin's shoulder. The President read out:

"'You are ordered to dissolve the High Court, and, in case of refusal, to arrest MM. Béranger, Rocher, De Boissieux, Pataille, and Hello.'"

And, turning toward the Judges, the President added:

"Signed 'Maupas.'"

Then, addressing himself to the Commissary, he resumed:

"There is some mistake; these are not our names. MM. Béranger, Rocher, and De Boissieux have served their time, and are no longer Judges of the High Court; as for M. Hello, he is dead."

The High Court, in reality, was temporary and renewable; the *Coup d'État* overthrew the Constitution, but did not understand it. The warrant signed "Maupas" was applicable to the preceding High Court. The *Coup d'État* had been misled by an old list. Such is the heedlessness of assassins.

"Mr. Commissary of Police," continued the President, "you see that these names are not ours."

"That does not matter to me," replied the Commissary. "Whether this warrant does or does not apply to you, disperse, or I shall arrest all of you."

And he added:

"At once."

The Judges were silenced; one of them picked up from the table a loose sheet of paper, which was the judgment they had drawn up, and put the paper in his pocket, and they went away.

The Commissary pointed to the door where the bayonets were, and said:

"That way."

They went out by the lobby, between two ranks of soldiers. The detachment of Republican Guards escorted them as far as the St. Louis Gallery.

There they set them free, their heads bowed down.

It was about three o'clock.

While these events were taking place in the Library, close by, in the former great Chamber of the Parliament, the Court of Cassation was sitting in judgment as usual, without noticing what was happening so near at hand. It would appear, then, that the police exhale no odor.

Let us at once have done with this High Court.

In the evening at half past seven the seven Judges met together at the house of one of their number—he who had taken away the decree; they framed an official report, drew up a protest, and recognizing the necessity of filling in the line left blank in their decree, on the proposition of M. Quesnault, appointed as Procureur-General M. Renouard, their colleague at the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard, who was immediately informed, consented.

They met together for the last time on the next day, the 3d, at eleven o'clock in the morning, an hour before the time mentioned in the judgment which we have read above—again in the Library of the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard was present. An official minute was given to him, recording his appointment, as well as certain details with which he asked to be supplied. The judgment which had been drawn up was taken by M. Quesnault to the Recorder's Office, and immediately entered upon the Register of the Secret Deliberations of the Court of Cassation, the High Court not having a special Register, and having decided, from its creation, to use the Register of the Court of Cassation. After the decree they also transcribed the two documents described as follows on the Register: I. An official report recording the interference of the Police during the discussion upon the preceding decree. II. A minute of the appointment of M. Renouard to the office of Procureur-General. In addition seven copies of these different documents, drawn up by the hands of the Judges themselves, and signed by them all, were put in a place of safety, as also, it is said, a note-book, in which were written five other secret decisions relating to the *Coup d'État*.

Does this page of the Register of the Court of Cassation exist at the present time? Is it true, as has been stated, that the Prefect Maupas sent for the Register and tore out the leaf containing the decree? We have not been able to clear up this point. The Register now is shown to no one, and those employed at the Recorder's Office are dumb.

Such are the facts; let us summarize them. If this Court, so called "High," had been of a character to conceive such an idea as that of doing its duty—when it had once met together, the mere organization of itself was a matter of a few minutes—it would have proceeded resolutely and rapidly, it would have appointed as Procureur-General some energetic man belonging to the Court of Cassation, either from the body of magistrates, such as Freslon, or from the bar, like Martin (of Strasbourg). By virtue of Article 68, and without waiting the initiative of the Assembly, it would have drawn up a judgment stigmatizing the crime, it would have launched an order of arrest against the President and his accomplices, and have ordered the removal of the person of Louis Bonaparte to jail. As for the Procureur-General, he would have issued a warrant of arrest. All this could have been done by half past eleven, and at that time no attempt had been made to dissolve the High Court. These preliminary proceedings concluded, the High Court, by going out through a nailed-up door leading into the Salle des Pas Perdus, could have descended into the street, and there have proclaimed its judgment to the people. At this time it would have met with no hinderance. Finally, and this in any case, it should have sat robed on the Judges' Bench, with all magisterial state, and when the police agent and his soldiers appeared, should have ordered the soldiers, who perhaps would have obeyed them, to arrest the agent; and if the soldiers had disobeyed, should have allowed themselves to be formally dragged to prison, so that the people could see, under their own eyes, out in the open street, the filthy hoof of the *Coup d'État* trampling upon the robe of Justice.

Instead of this, what steps did the High Court take? We have just seen.

"Be off with you!"

"We are going."

We can imagine, after a very different fashion, the dialogue between Mathieu Molé and Vidocq.

XII.

THE MAIRIE OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

THE Representatives, having come out from M. Daru, rejoined each other and assembled in the street. There they consulted briefly, from group to group. There was a large number of them. In less than an hour, by sending notices to the houses on the left bank of the Seine alone, on account of the extreme urgency, more than three hundred members could be called together. But where should they meet? At Lemardelay's? The Rue Richelieu was guarded. At the Salle Martel? It was a long way off. They relied upon the Tenth Legion, of which General Lauriston was colonel. They showed a preference for the Mairie of the Arrondissement. Besides, the distance was short, and there was no need to cross any bridges.

They formed themselves into column, and set forth.

M. Daru, as we have said, lived in the Rue de Lille, close by the Assembly. The section of the Rue de Lille lying between his house and the Palais Bourbon was occupied by infantry. The last detachment barred his door, but it only barred it on the right, not on the left. The Representatives, on quitting M. Daru, bent their steps on the side of the Rue des St. Pères, and left the soldiers behind them. At that moment the soldiers had only been instructed to prevent their meeting in the Palace of the Assembly; they could quietly form themselves into a column in the street, and set forth. If they had turned to the right instead of to the left, they would have been opposed. But there were no orders for the other alternative; they passed through a gap in the instructions.

An hour afterward this threw St. Arnaud into a fit of fury.

On their way fresh Representatives came up and swelled the column. As the members of the Right lived for the most part in the Faubourg St. Germain, the column was composed almost entirely of men belonging to the majority.

At the corner of the Quai d'Orsay they met a group of members of the Left, who had reunited after their exit from the Palace of the Assembly, and who were consulting together. These were the Representatives Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Victor Hennequin, Colfavru, and Chamiot.

Those who were marching at the head of the column left their places, went up to the group, and said, "Come with us."

"Where are you going?" asked Marc Dufraisse.

"To the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement."

"What do you intend to do there?"

"To decree the deposition of Louis Bonaparte."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward we shall go in a body to the Palace of the Assembly; we will force our way in spite of all resistance; and from the top of the steps we will read out the decree of deposition to the soldiers."

"Very good; we will join you," said Marc Dufraisse.

The five members of the Left marched at some distance from the column. Several of their friends who were mingled with the members of the Right rejoined them; and we may here mention a fact without giving it more importance than it possesses, namely, that the two fractions of the Assembly represented in this unpremeditated gathering marched toward the Mairie without being mingled together—one on each side of the street. It chanced that the men of the majority kept on

the right side of the street, and the men of the minority on the left.

No one had a scarf of office. No outward token caused them to be recognized. The passers-by stared at them with surprise, and did not understand what was the meaning of this procession of silent men through the solitary streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. One district of Paris was as yet unaware of the *Coup d'État*.

Strategically speaking, from a defensive point of view, the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement was badly chosen. Situated in a narrow street in that short section of the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain which lies between the Rue des St. Pères and the Rue du Sépulcre, close by the cross-roads of the Croix Rouge, where the troops could arrive from so many different points, the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, confined, commanded, and blockaded on every side, was a pitiful citadel for the assailed National Representatives. It is true that they no longer had the choice of a citadel, any more than later on they had the choice of a general.

Their arrival at the Mairie might have seemed a good omen. The great gate which leads into a square court-yard was shut. It opened. The post of the National Guards, composed of some twenty men, took up their arms and rendered military honors to the Assembly. The Representatives entered; a deputy mayor received them with respect on the threshold of the Mairie.

"The Palace of the Assembly is closed by the troops," said the Representatives; "we have come to deliberate here." The deputy mayor led them to the first story, and admitted them to the Great Municipal Hall. The National Guard cried, "Long live the National Assembly!"

The Representatives having entered, the door was shut. A crowd began to gather in the street, and shouted, "Long live the Assembly!" A certain number of strangers to the Assembly entered the Mairie at the same time as the Representatives. Overcrowding was feared, and two sentries were placed at a little side door, which was left open, with orders only to allow members of the Assembly who might come afterward to enter. M. Howyn Tranchère stationed himself at this door, and undertook to identify them.

On their arrival at the Mairie, the Representatives numbered somewhat under three hundred. They exceeded this number later on. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. All did not go up at once into the Hall where the meeting was to take place. Several, those of the Left in particular, remained in the court-yard, mingling with the National Guards and citizens.

They talked of what they were going to do.

This was the first difficulty.

The Father of the meeting was M. De Kératry.

Was he going to preside?

The Representatives who were assembled in the Great Hall were in his favor.

The Representatives remaining in the court-yard hesitated.

Marc Dufraisse went up to MM. Jules de Lasteyrie and Léon de Maleville, who had staid behind with the Representatives of the Left, and said to them, "What are they thinking of up stairs? To make Kératry President! The name of Kératry would frighten the people as thoroughly as mine would frighten the middle classes."

A member of the Right, M. De Kéranflech, came up, and intending to support the objection, added, "And then, think of Kératry's age. It is madness to pit a man of eighty against this hour of danger."

But Esquiros exclaimed:

"That is a bad reason. Eighty years! They constitute a force."

"Yes, where they are well borne," said Colfavru. "Kératry bears them badly."

"Nothing is greater," resumed Esquiros, "than great octogenarians."

"It is glorious," added Chamiot, "to be presided over by a Nestor."

"No, by Gerontes,"* said Victor Hennequin.

These words put an end to the debate. Kératry was thrown out. MM. Léon de Maleville and Jules de Lasteyrie, two men respected by all parties, undertook to make the members of the Right listen to reason. It was decided that the "bureau" should preside. Five members of the "bureau" were present—two Vice-Presidents, MM. Benoist d'Azy and Vitet, and three Secretaries, MM. Grimault, Chapot, and Moulin. Of the two other Vice-Presidents, one, General Bedeau, was at Mazas; the other, M. Daru, was under guard in his own house. Of the three other Secretaries, two, MM. Peupin and Lacaze, men of the Élysée, were absentees; the other, M. Yvan, a member of the Left, was at the meeting of the Left, in the Rue Blanche, which was taking place almost at the same moment.

In the mean time an usher appeared on the steps of the Mairie, and cried out, as on the most peaceful days of the Assembly, "Representatives, to the sitting!"

This usher, who belonged to the Assembly, and who had followed it, shared its fortunes throughout this day, the sequestration on the Quai d'Orsay included.

At the summons of the usher all the Representatives in the court-yard, and among whom was one of the Vice-Presidents, M. Vitet, went up stairs to the Hall, and the sitting was opened.

This sitting was the last which the Assembly held under regular conditions. The Left, which, as we have seen, had on its side boldly recaptured the Legislative power, and had added to it that which circumstances required, as was the duty of Revolutionists—the Left, without a "bureau," without an usher, and without secretaries, held sittings in which the accurate and passionless record of short-hand was wanting, but which live in our memories, and which History will gather up.

Two short-hand writers of the Assembly, MM. Grosselet and Lagache, were present at the sitting at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement. They have been able to record it. The censorship of the victorious *Coup d'Etat* has mutilated their report, and has published through its historians this mangled version as the true version. One lie more. That does not matter. This short-hand recital belongs to the brief of the 2d December; it is one of the leading documents in the trial which the future will institute. In the notes of this book will be found this document complete. The passages in inverted commas are those which the censorship of M. Bonaparte has suppressed. This suppression is a proof of their significance and importance.

Short-hand reproduces every thing except life. Stenography is an ear. It hears and sees not. It is therefore necessary to fill in here the inevitable blanks of the short-hand account.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* The Gerontes, or Gerontia, were the Elders of Sparta, who constituted the Senate.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

The engraving which we present on page 920 of the East River Bridge gives an accurate idea of the present stage of operations on the great structure. This, in brief, is as follows:

On both sides of the river, in the line of the approaches leading up to the anchorage piers, the workmen, building from the anchorages, are rapidly constructing the piers of the accessory structures. On the Brooklyn side the brick-work of the first three piers now rises many feet above the ground, and work is proceeding actively on the fourth pier. On the New York side the brick-work of the first two piers looms well up, and that of the third is rising gradually above the surface. These three piers are in the inclosed space shown in the engraving, lying between the anchorage pier and Franklin Square.

On the other side of the square a contractor with a large force of workmen is engaged in clearing away the buildings along the line of the approach and of the new street which is to run by the side of it. As will be seen, the buildings formerly standing in this line, between Franklin Square, Frankfort, and Cliff streets, have almost entirely disappeared, and the workmen are removing the *débris* and the foundations.

As Frankfort Street at its lower end will be closed up by the approach, a new street some fifty feet in width, to be known as New Frankfort Street, will run next to, on the south side of, and parallel with the approach, and therefore cut into old Frankfort beyond Cliff, and, like the approach, cut across Vandewater, Rose, William, and North William streets, ending at Chatham Street, nearly opposite the Hall of Records, in the City Hall Park. On the other side of the approach a space of twenty feet will be left between it and the buildings as a guard against fire.

There are now twenty-four strands laid and swinging in place across the river, six in the line of each cable. Each cable will have nineteen strands, so that fifty-two more strands have to be laid—a work, allowing for delays on account of winter storms, of some ten months. In each strand as now laid there are some 286 wires, and this will give 5434 wires to each cable, or 21,736 wires in all four. A pair of strands are laid together, and it is, with ordinary weather, the work of a week. Strand-laying goes on through all kinds of weather, a stoppage only being necessitated by a wind, blowing across the line of the bridge, strong enough to prevent the proper regulation of the individual wires. After a strand has been laid and wrapped—the latter operation being performed by men who go out in hanging platforms called "wrapping buggies," which roll along the strands on which the work is being done—it is let out and lowered. The "letting out" consists in removing the "shoes," around which the wires pass at each anchorage, from where they are temporarily secured, and letting them slowly slide, by means of suitable tackle, until they arrive opposite the eye of one of the two anchor bars, between which they are secured by a round steel pin. The "lowering" is the lifting of the strands where they pass over the great towers, from rollers on which they rest, to their final position on the "saddle" plates below.

As a protection against the coming winter for the workmen employed in the cradles on the land and river spans, little board shelters have been erected on the cradles. At the "saddle slots" in the towers, where the strands pass through, boardings have been put up and small stoves will be placed for the comfort of the men employed.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some years ago the Harvard College Observatory introduced a system of public time distribution. This system has been so well received in Boston, and by the leading railroads centring therein, that the observatory now proposes to offer the benefits of the time service to other New England cities. The instruments owned by the observatory, and its careful arrangements, give assurance of accuracy.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime is earnestly endeavoring to suppress the sale of distilled alcoholic liquors at "tippling-houses." It asks the co-operation of all good citizens, on the broad, unquestioned ground that the sale of liquor at such houses brings a great burden of taxes upon all tax-payers. There are about 6000 licensed liquor shops in this city, besides some 1500 which are unlicensed. Crime and poverty in unmeasured degree follow the frequenting of these places; and an expenditure of *millions* of dollars by our city government is the result. The extra services of the Police Department, the cost of public charities, expenses in judicial and other departments, which arise directly from the use of poisonous liquors at these shops, are an immense item, which tax-paying citizens should realize.

The Penge murder case, which has excited so much interest in England, has been settled by the Queen, who has pardoned one of the prisoners, and commuted the death sentence of the other three to imprisonment for life. In this remarkable case Louis Staunton, an artist, his brother Patrick, Mrs. Patrick Staunton, and sister, Alice Rhodes, were the parties accused. The murdered woman, Mrs. Louis Staunton, was prospective heiress to quite a large property, but of feeble intellect, so that her mother had considered it unsuitable that she should marry. After her marriage she was secluded by her husband's family, and finally her death resulted from neglect and starvation. The persons mentioned above were found, on trial, guilty of murder; but so much public excitement arose at the sentence of death passed upon four young persons that the case was reviewed by the authorities, and imprisonment for life substituted for the death penalty.

Buildings which are so miserably constructed as to constantly endanger human life ought to be discovered before life is sacrificed; but usually some hapless victims pay the penalty of criminal carelessness on the part of builders, or owners, or city authorities. A short time ago a young mother and her child sixteen months old were suffocated in a fire in Brooklyn under most painful circumstances. The fire originated in a bakery in the basement of one of a block of frame houses—buildings miserably constructed, and destitute of any safeguards against such a disaster. The flames spread furiously; escape by the stairway was cut off almost instantly; and suddenly, in broad daylight, the poor woman and her child were inwrapped by the suffocating smoke. Her husband, called from his work by the fire alarm, was among the crowd outside, and was horror-stricken at the sight of firemen bringing out the bodies of his wife and child from the burning building.

Counterfeit bills being somewhat freely circulated in this city and State, the Bankers' Association has compiled the following list of the most prominent as an aid in detecting them:

New York City.—First National, $50; Central National Bank, $100; Commercial, $20; Shoe and Leather, $20; Tradesman's, $20; State of New York, $20 and $2; Mechanics', $20, $10, and $2; St. Nicholas, $2.

New York State.—First National of Palmyra, $50 and $2; Tioga, Oswego, $20 and $5; First, Elmira, $100; City, Utica, $20; Fireman's and Merchants', Buffalo, $10; Oneida, $20; City National, Albany, $10; First National, Lockport, $10; Highland, Newburgh, $10; National, Peekskill, $10 and $2; City Bank, Poughkeepsie, $10 and $5; First National, Poughkeepsie, $10 and $5; Rochester, $10; Central, $10; Mutual, Troy, $20 and $10; First, Whitehall, $10; Kinderhook, $20.

New Jersey.—First National of Penfield, $10.

Ohio.—First National, Cincinnati, $10 and $5.

Illinois.—First National, Chicago, $10 and $2.

There are also other counterfeit bills on the Portland, Providence, Boston, and Philadelphia banks.

There are five-hundred-dollar greenbacks also in circulation and well designed. The only peculiarity is in the picture of Adams, the ears being much smaller than in the genuine bills. There are a number of fifty-dollar bills in circulation, but the paper is stiff and dark.

The Pope sleeps a great deal—a symptom which disturbs his physicians. Otherwise his health is reported to be as good as usual.

Wilkie Collins does not regard the conventionalities of dress as of paramount importance. When called before the curtain at the Olympic Theatre, London, after the first performance of his own play, *Moonstone*, from his novel of that name, he wore a pair of brown pantaloons, black frock-coat, and carried in his hand a soft "bowler" hat.

Not long ago there was a remarkable gathering in London—the first general conference of the world's famous librarians ever held in England. The entire session was of great interest. Among useful facts elicited about book-binding were the following: For purposes of binding, paper, if kept dry, is a most enduring material, and the binding should be assimilated to it. Vellum comes next for endurance. Perfect specimens of early Italian vellum binding are still extant. Hog-skin, the material for the binding of the early German books, is beautifully preserved to this day. Calf is spoiled by dyes. Russia is an excellent material when in constant use, thus perpetually relubricated by the hand. Therefore it makes excellent pocket-books. Left to itself, it drops to dust. False bands should not be put on the backs of books. In a large public library books should be bound in white buckram, lettered in ink, not in gold letters, which come off, and are only suited to *dilettanti* libraries. The ornaments should be in red, blue, etc., according to the subject of the work. The corners are an excrescence, like the false bands at the back. The edges might be made of some use if lettered. Pamphlets should not be bound, but inserted in boxes. Cockroaches will attack and destroy books bound in crimson cloth. Book-binding costs twice as much in America as in Europe.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday, 25.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 30.—St. Andrew, the Apostle.

DECEMBER.

Sunday, 2.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 9.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 16.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Friday, 21.—St. Thomas, the Apostle.
Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday, 25.—Christmas-day.
Wednesday, 26.—St. Stephen, the Martyr.
Thursday, 27.—St. John, the Evangelist.
Friday, 28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday, 30.—Sunday after Christmas.

The completed acts of the Protestant Episcopal Convention are (1) a canon on divorce, forbidding any minister "to solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife still living, if such husband or wife has been put away for any cause arising after marriage." This canon is not intended to apply to "the innocent party to a divorce for the cause of adultery, or to parties once divorced seeking to be united again." (2) The change in the missionary organization, by which the General Convention is made the Board of Missions. The Convention, at its triennial meeting, appoints the managers for each term of three years. (3) The authorization of the English table of lessons. (4) The creation of two new dioceses in Illinois and one in Western Virginia. (5) A number of amendments of existing canons were made, the most important of which relate to deposition from the ministry. One of these amendments provides that a clergyman renouncing the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and thereupon deposed, shall be entitled, if there be no moral charge against him, to have that fact publicly stated.

The fourth annual Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts was opened in Worcester October 24. There were reported to be 122 unions in the State, eighty of which are auxiliary to the State Union. The number of members approximates 10,000. Sixty Reform Clubs are also reported, with 11,350 members, and twenty Juvenile Unions, with 6337 members. The total receipts of the State Union for the year were $3041; expenditures, $1996.

The Sixth Old Catholic Congress, which was held a few weeks since at Mainz, was noticeable for the absence of Professor Von Schulte, who was ill at the time of the meeting. About 120 delegates were present, but not many representatives of other Churches. The Bishop of Lincoln sent his usual Latin letter. The topic most considered was education. Of the two resolutions relating thereto adopted, the first called the attention of the governments to the fact that the papal bull of January 20, 1877, requires "all clerical persons, on assuming any office, to take an oath that they accept heartily and verbally the decrees of the Vatican Council, and to teach and act accordingly in the schools." The resolution also reminds the governments of the renewal by the present Pope of the decree of Pius IV., dated November 13, 1564, which commands "all doctors, chancellors, teachers, etc., in universities and grammar schools to give instruction in the meaning and after the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, under penalty of excommunication." This brings the struggle with the papacy, where it comes at last in every instance, to the school, and the Old Catholics perceive the issue very clearly.

The dissatisfaction with the old creeds expresses itself very frequently in Scotland. An instance of it occurred last month. The committee appointed by the Scotch United Presbyterian Synod to consider the desirability of revising the subordinate standards of the Church have had two sittings in Edinburgh. At these, ten members expressed their opinions, the majority of the ten favoring the formation of a short and simple statement of fundamental doctrines, the catechism being allowed to remain as an honored historical document.

The Jubilee Singers are winning fresh triumphs on the continent of Europe. Though singing only in English, they have completed a successful tour of Holland, and are about to go to Germany.

The Rev. George Müller, of Bristol, England, though now an old man, being over seventy years, has been preaching nightly sermons in Boston. Another septuagenarian, the Rev. A. Somerville, of the Free Church of Scotland, is now in Australia doing the work of an evangelist. This venerable man has already made a preaching tour through India. The Rev. William Taylor, the Methodist evangelist, who must be now past sixty years, started for Peru as a steerage passenger, in order thereby to save money to send preachers to his self-sustaining mission in India. As to the wisdom of such a step there is no occasion to pronounce an opinion here; but these examples of vigor and capacity to work carried on to old age are certainly remarkable.

It will be remembered that the Italian Roman Catholic Congress, which attempted to meet last year at Bologna, was dispersed by the authorities. It is announced, however, to meet this year at Bergamo. The programme embraces religious works and associations, works of charity, instruction and education, the press, and Christian art. Among the inquiries under these heads are, "Whether the monopoly of instruction by the government is not a denial of the privileges and rights conceded by existing laws, and whether the rights of the Church and the family are preserved under the existing monopoly?"

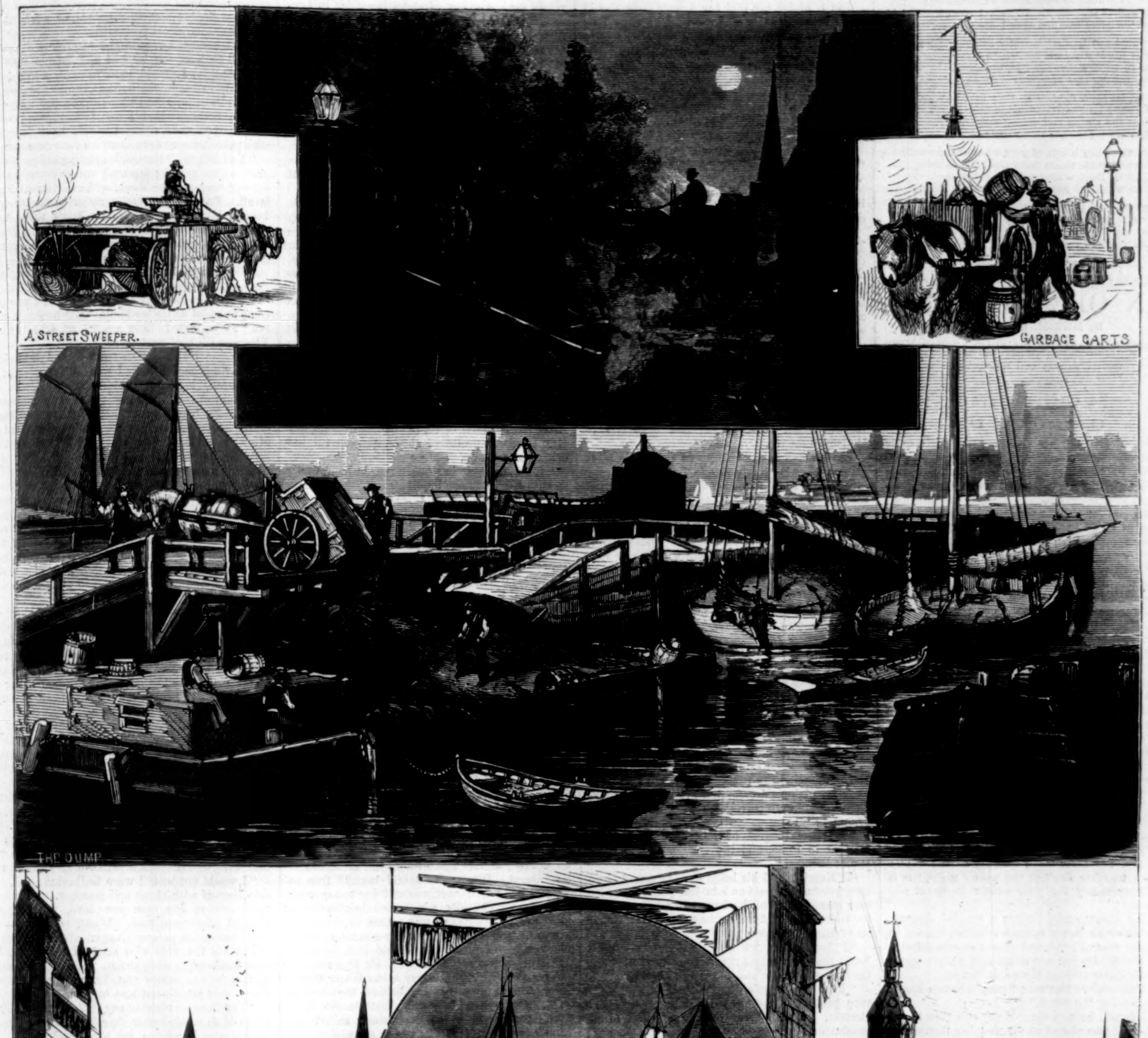
"The National Council has had its life insured; it was done at Detroit," is the comment of the *Congregationalist* on the happy results of the late meeting.

At the anniversary of Drew Theological Seminary, which was held October 25, it was announced that about $160,000 had been contributed toward the re-endowment fund, leaving $140,000 still to be raised. A subscription of $32,100 was made on that day.

Mr. Cook's first lecture in New York was delivered to an audience which did not quite fill Association Hall. He, however, held closely the attention of his hearers. The *Examiner* says well of him that one secret of his power is his way of saying "fresh, startling, epigrammatic things that stick in one's mind. The following are some examples: 'Daniel Webster was the archbishop of the Northern Church;' 'The old New England was a church, the new New England is a factory;' 'We should weigh news, not measure it.'" Mr. Cook's Boston lectures on Monday mornings continue to be attended by large and delighted audiences.

The biennial session of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States was opened in Detroit on October 31, the anniversary of the day when Luther nailed his famous theses to the door of the Wittenberg church. The Hon. William A. Howard was elected chairman. Christian unity, as would naturally be expected, was much discussed, that general topic being contained in the essays on "The Use and Abuse of Denominationalism," "The Method of Maintaining the Unity of Christ's Church," "Co-operation among the Denominations in the Work of Home Missions." Much amusement was created by a recital, by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, of a list of religious societies returned to the Registrar-General of Great Britain. It numbers over one hundred distinct organizations, but could be very nearly paralleled by a like list in the United States. On the second day an essay was read by Dr. Angell, president of Michigan University, on "The Relation of our Institutions of Learning to the Christianity of our Country." The evening sessions of the Alliance were largely attended.

THE LIGHTNING SPEED OF HONESTY.



HOW THE STREETS OF NEW YORK ARE CLEANED.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 927.]

BRUTE OPINIONS.

Two wounded steeds from Plevna's bloody field
  Met at a little blood-stained water-course:
"Comrade," said one, "to Death I soon must yield,
  But 'tis some comfort that I die a horse.

"I would not be that monster dripping gore
  That insolently calls himself 'a Man,'
Even to tread again the Caspian shore,
  Or sniff the airs of breezy Astrakhan."

"Why, let *them* fight, if so they list; but we,
  We have no quarrel with the Sclave or Turk;
This is the shame and wrong and cruelty,
  That we are forced to do their bloody work.

"Are there not beasts of prey whose nature suits?—
  Fierce Bengal tigers from the jungle's mud,
Or Libyan lions, strong and cruel brutes,
  Who would be happy in this field of blood?

"But we love gentle natures, arts of peace,
  Or still green deserts where we roam at large.
Alas! alas!" But Night brought sweet release,
  And two sad conscripts had a long discharge.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Dulcimer to Beatrix, quite suddenly, one evening when she and Kenrick were sitting round the fire in the snug dining-room, a little while before tea, "Cyril must certainly assist at your marriage."

Happily for Beatrix the lamp had not yet been brought in. There was only the changeful and uncertain fire-light, which just at this moment left her face in shadow.

"Well, yes," returned Kenrick. "I think Cyril ought to be invited. If he were not present it would look as if there were some quarrel between us; and we are very good friends, are we not, dear?" he added, turning to his betrothed.

"Yes," faltered Beatrix.

"If he were not here, people would talk," pursued Mrs. Dulcimer. "You see, Bridford is not more than thirty miles distant, and as Kenrick's first cousin, and Mr. Dulcimer's late curate, it would be only natural for him to assist at the ceremony."

"I will write and ask him to-morrow," said Kenrick. "I ought to have thought of it before."

"He has been very ill," suggested Beatrix. "He may not be strong enough to travel."

"Thirty miles only, my dear. A mere nothing," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "Besides, he has quite recovered—or at any rate he has gone back to his duty. Clement told me so a week ago."

"Kenrick," said Beatrix, a little later, when she and her lover were walking to the Water House together through the wintry night, "is it really necessary for your cousin to be at our wedding?"

"His absence might cause a scandal, dearest. Remember he is my nearest relation, known to be quite near at hand, and closely associated with this place. Do you not think that people would say unpleasant things if we left him out?"

"Yes," sighed Beatrix; "people have a knack of imagining the worst."

"I should be very sorry if any one were to say that Cyril was absent at my wedding because he and my wife feared to meet," said Kenrick, with a sudden pang of jealousy.

"They shall have no reason for saying any thing of the kind," Beatrix answered, proudly. "Pray invite your cousin."

"Now you are angry."

"Not with you," she answered, quickly. "I am angry with the world, life, fate."

"What, Beatrix, now, when you have made me so happy, when all our life is smiling before us—every cloud gone?"

Beatrix's only answer was a sigh. But Kenrick was rapt in the placid delight of his good fortune. He loved his betrothed too well to believe it possible that she did not love him. They had lived so happily, as it seemed to him, for nearly four months, in each other's society. They had never had a dispute, or even a difference of opinion. Could he doubt that she had grown fonder of him day by day in all that time? Her irritation to-night was natural, he argued. It arose from her scorn of the scandals that had darkened her young life. It was hard for her to forget these things.

Kenrick wrote next day to his cousin:

"DEAR CYRIL,—The Dulcimers say you ought to assist at my wedding, and I think the same. Will you come?

"Yours always, KENRICK."

The answer was very little longer:

"DEAR KENRICK,—I agree with you and the Dulcimers. I will come to assist in the ceremony, and to wish you and your bride all blessings that this life and the brighter life after can yield.

"My time is closely occupied here, so my visit must be of the shortest. I will come on Tuesday afternoon, and must return on Wednesday directly after the wedding.

"Yours in all affection and good faith,

"CYRIL."

This letter made Kenrick happy. It dispelled the one uneasiness of his mind—the lurking notion that he had helped to spoil his cousin's peace. Cyril was evidently reconciled to the existing state of things. After all, it was 's own doing, Kenrick thought. He had no right to complain.

Kenrick showed the letter to Beatrix, who read it slowly and thoughtfully, and returned it to him without a word.

"A gentleman-like letter, isn't it?" asked Kenrick.

"Very," she answered.

Did it please her that her former lover should write in so friendly a tone—that he should be willing to assist in the solemn act that was to make their severance irrevocable? No. His willingness stung her to the quick.

"He never loved me," she thought. "It was Bella's pretty face that he really cared for. But he thought my fortune would help him in doing good, and he was willing to sacrifice his own inclinations in order to be useful to others. He liked me just well enough, perhaps, to be reconciled to the idea of marrying me and making use of my fortune. And then when the slander arose he drew back. Honor forbade him marrying a woman the world suspected of a hideous crime, and whom he did not love."

Bitter thoughts for the bride of to-morrow. Tuesday morning had come. Mr. Scratchell had called at the Water House to tell Miss Harefield that every thing was done according to her wish. The equitable charge on Kenrick's estate had been paid off. Culverhouse Castle was as free as it had been in the reign of its wealthiest possessor.

"I am very glad it is done," said Beatrix, and it was the first gladness she had shown for some days.

Madame Leonard wanted her to be interested in her trousseau, which was being packed by that clever little Frenchwoman and the honest unhandy English maid. Every thing had been left to Madame Leonard.

Beatrix had taken no trouble about this mass of new clothes which people had declared she must have, as if to mark distinctly that to get married is to turn over a new leaf in the volume of life.

"It is all well to let me do in these things, to choose ze colors, and to devise ze modes, but it must that you interest yourself a little now that it is all achieved, or I shall think you are not content."

"Dear Madame Leonard, I am more than content. But I am not very fond of fine clothes. They do not fill my mind as they seem to with some people."

"Ah, my dear," cried the Frenchwoman, "it is all very well to be high and mighty; but I can tell you there are times in a woman's life when if she did not think about her dress, she would have nothing to think of. And it is better to think of a new gown than a new lover. That amuses. And, after all, it is innocent. To talk of dress does no one any harm. It is not like scandal."

"Dear Madame Leonard, you are wiser than I. But never mind the trousseau just now. Please pack my plainest dresses and wraps in one trunk. I am not going to travel with all those huge boxes, am I?"

"No; the biggest of those are to be sent straight to India, and the smaller are to meet you at Brindisi."

Sir Kenrick and his bride were to spend their honey-moon in Paris and in Italy, travelling by easy stages to Brindisi, whence they were to start for India early in April—a fact which Mrs. Dulcimer bitterly bewailed.

"I thought Kenrick would sell out," she said, "and that you would divide your lives between Culverhouse Castle and the Water House."

"That would have been to spoil Kenrick's career just as it promises distinction," answered Beatrix. "I should regard that as a kind of assassination."

Upon this last day of her maiden life Beatrix was strangely absent and troubled in manner. She shrank even from Madame Leonard's gentle sympathy, and while the anxious little woman was busy with the trunk and packing cases, the owner of all that finery paced the garden walk by the dull gray river, reckless of the biting east wind, wrapped in gloomy thoughts. The swollen waters were rushing under the old stone arch; the moor was darkly purple against a sunless sky. All nature seemed in harmony with the mind of to-morrow's bride.

The packing business kept Madame Leonard and Mary closely occupied all day, so Beatrix was undisturbed. Sir Kenrick had gone to Great Yafford to get the odds and ends wanted to complete his outfit. Mrs. Dulcimer was engaged with her dress for the wedding, which was being made at home—a process which necessitated frequent discussions and consultations with Rebecca and the dress-maker, and which, undertaken from motives of economy, was likely to result in an expensive failure. Cyril was not expected till the evening. He was to arrive in time for the Vicarage tea, and was to occupy Mrs. Dulcimer's second best spare bedroom.

Beatrix had promised to call at the Vicarage some time in the afternoon. It was a visit she would gladly have avoided in her present frame of mind, but she thought if she did not go, Mrs. Dulcimer would be likely to come to the Water House in quest of her, and that might prove a heavier infliction. So she put on her bonnet directly after luncheon and walked across the windy bridge, and up the windy street to the Vicarage. It was between two and three o'clock—a very safe hour at which to pay her visit, since Cyril was not expected until half past seven. She had heard his letter to Mrs. Dulcimer, in which he named the train that was to bring him.

Mrs. Dulcimer was in her bedroom with Rebecca and the dress-maker. Beatrix went up, at the house-maid's request, and found these three stitching and talking as fast as tongues and needles could be driven. The dress had been three days in hand, but just at the last it was found necessary to put on an extra pressure to get it finished. Mrs. Dulcimer was sewing the braid on the skirt, Rebecca was pushing strips of whalebone into the body, the dress-maker was cording a flounce. The room was strewn with snippings of silk, satin, sarsanet, and lining, as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Mrs. Dulcimer looked the image of anxiety. If she had been a beauty of seventeen preparing for her first ball, or a young actress about to make her *début* in London, she could not have been more deeply concerned.

"Oh, Beatrix, I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, without stopping her needle. "I long to know if you like it."

It was the dress, now in scattered portions.

Beatrix looked puzzled.

"My love, how absent-minded you are!" said Mrs. Dulcimer. "Of course you can't judge of the general appearance till the flounces are on, and it all comes together. But you can tell me what you think of the color and the style of trimming."

"Oh, you mean the dress," answered Beatrix, with cruel indifference. "I think that silver-gray is a pretty color."

"It's the new shade," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "You are sure it's the new shade, are you not, Miss Killick?" she asked, turning to the dress-maker.

"Yes, ma'am, it's quite the new shade," answered Miss Killick, solemnly.

Beatrix seated herself by the fire and idly watched the blaze, while Mrs. Dulcimer went on working. There was not much sustained conversation. Every body except Beatrix was thinking of the dress. Miss Killick and Rebecca had their mouths full of pins, and dropped a few whenever they spoke, like the girl in the fairy tale. After half an hour or so, Beatrix rose to go, but Mrs. Dulcimer protested she must stop till the dress was tried on.

"It will be ready in a quarter of an hour, won't it, Miss Killick?" she inquired.

They were all sitting close together now, Rebecca sewing the body to the skirt, the dress-maker sewing on the final flounce.

"I don't suppose we shall be much longer, ma'am," said Miss Killick.

"And at four we are going to have a refreshing cup of tea," said the Vicar's wife, "so you really must stop, Beatrix."

Beatrix could not refuse so small a favor, so she went on staring at the fire while the three workers hastened the finish of their task, with their heads close together, like the three fatal sisters intent upon the web of some particular destiny which Jove had ordered them to hurry to its conclusion.

"There!" said the three simultaneously, "it's done."

Five minutes later Mrs. Dulcimer was standing before her cheval-glass, buttoned into her new gown, and trying to make it look as if it belonged to her, every fold having the stiffness, strangeness, and awkwardness which are characteristic of a new garment.

Beatrix had to assist at the discussion as to whether the sleeve should not be shortened a quarter of an inch, or the shoulder seam taken up a little, or the waist tightened, or the skirt lengthened. When she found herself free to depart, the church clock was striking the quarter after four. The sky, which had brightened a little in the afternoon, was yellow in the west, where the sun would soon go down behind yonder black ridge of moor. The wind had dropped, and there was a mildness in the air, like spring.

There was a circuitous way to the Water House through meadows that lay behind the church-yard. It was a solitary walk that Beatrix liked at all times, and which particularly suited her humor just now. She went in at the wicket gate in the angle of the church-yard, and followed the narrow path between the crowded head-stones, commonplace memorials of harmless uneventful lives.

The pathway took her by the side of the fine old parish church, close by the vestry, which was curiously squeezed in at an angle between transept and chancel, under the diamond-paned casement, beside which the white surplices were hanging, past the sunken door.

Just as she came to the door it opened, and a man came out.

She gave a little cry, and the whole scene seemed to rock before her eyes—the old gray wall, the crumbling tablets, the leafless elm branches, the tall black poplars that rose like watch-towers between her and the sky. For a moment all were in tumultuous motion, as if a whirlwind had risen. Then, with a great effort, she clasped the railings of a tomb close by, and commanded brain and body to be still.

A hand was held out to her, and she took it with a mechanical air. Her lips moved slowly:

"Cyril."

Only his name, and the ice was broken. The next instant she had burst into passionate tears, and was hiding her face against the rusty insensible railings, any where, only to be out of his sight.

Her whole frame was shaken by those sobs. He could not but perceive—he could not even pretend not to perceive her distress.

"Forgive me," he said, gently. "I am more than sorry that I came, if my presence grieves you. I ought not to have come; but"—he faltered a little here—"respect for you—regard for my cousin—made it impossible for me to refuse."

"Respect for me!" she exclaimed, bitterly, lifting up her head, and choking down her sobs with a desperate effort, just as she had held herself back from unconsciousness a few moments before—"respect for me, for a woman whom you could believe a poisoner!"

"Beatrix, I never believed—" he began.

"You did not believe me innocent, or you would not have forsaken me," she said, confronting him with eyes that kindled as she spoke.

He could not gainsay her. She had spoken truth. No, not if all the world had been against her, not at the scaffold's foot could he have abandoned her, could he honestly have believed her guiltless.

But now that he stood face to face with her, now that he saw that noble countenance, the splendid indignation of those eyes, he was as convinced of her innocence as if he had never doubted her. His past doubts seemed madness, or worse than madness—diabolical possession.

"If I had spoken with you after your father's death," he said, "if we had met face to face as we meet now, I should never have gone away. I would have borne the hardest things men could say of me—that I had married you for the sake of your fortune—that I had been unscrupulous because you were rich. I would have laughed such poisoned arrows to scorn for your dear sake."

"You left me," she said, growing colder as he grew warm, gaining strength and firmness as he showed himself more weak. "You left me. That is all. Perhaps you really never cared for me. Indeed, I have some reason to know there was some one else you secretly preferred."

"*That* is wholly false," cried Cyril. "I never loved but one woman, and you are she."

"What does it matter? Why try to explain the past? It is all over and done with. To-morrow will make me your cousin's wife, and you are come to assist at my wedding. But how is it you are here so early? You are not expected at the Vicarage till half past seven."

"I came by an earlier train than I intended, and having time to spare, I went in to look at the old church," he answered, hurriedly.

"And to pray for strength to bear to-morrow's agony," he might have added, for he had been on his knees before the altar at which he had so often officiated, praying that his burden might be lightened for him.

There was a silence. Beatrix still stood with her back to the railings that guarded the once splendid tomb of a knight banneret of Elizabeth's reign. She had just strength to stand calmly there, steadily confronting her old lover, but she had no power to drag her limbs away from the spot. She knew that if she tried to move, she must fall like a log at his feet; so she stood there, cold and white as the marble the tomb was made of.

"Beatrix," cried Cyril, losing all mastery of himself in the bewilderment of being alone with her, close to her, as far from the outside world in that quiet corner of the church-yard as if they two had been lost upon the wildest bit of moorland in the country—"Beatrix, why are you going to marry Kenrick? Why have you been in such haste to prove how utterly you had forgotten me?"

"Are you not glad my wounds have healed so quickly? You have nothing to reproach yourself with on my account. Not even a broken heart."

"And you love Kenrick?" he asked, wonderingly.

"He has never suspected me of a hideous crime. When every one spoke against me, he was stanch and true. I am very grateful to him."

"Gratitude is not love."

"Perhaps not, but affection and gratitude are near akin, and Kenrick is satisfied with affection."

"I would not be if I were he," cried Cyril, beside himself with anger and jealousy. "I would have nothing less than your love, your whole-hearted passionate love. What, be content to dwell beside the narrow sluggish river, and never sicken for the wide wild sea? I would not be your husband on such terms. I despise my cousin that he can marry you, knowing, as he must know, that you do not love him."

"You have no right to say that. Do you think yourself so much better than he that no woman, having once loved you, can love him?"

"I know that no true woman ever loved truly twice. There is no such thing as second love worth having. It is the mere ghost of feeling, like a rose cut at midsummer to be shut up in a box and brought out at Christmas, revived by sulphur fumes—a poor phantom flower, with no more bloom or freshness than if it was made of paper. Just so much for second love."

If she could have stirred, she would have left him, but she had still an acute sense of her helplessness. She must stay and listen, let him say what he would. What was this conflict of feeling in her breast? Passionate love, passionate anger, scorn that made it sweet to wound him, fondness that made her long to fling herself upon his heart and cry, "Oh, give me shelter, give me rest! Let all the world go by. You and I can be all the world to each other."

The yellow wintry light faded in the west, the sky grew dull and bleak, the head-stones had a grayer look.

"Why do you concern yourself about me?" she asked, bitterly. "You have come to assist at my wedding, in order that the conventionalities may not be outraged. That is all very right. My name has been bandied about on people's lips quite enough already. It is just as well to avoid the scandal of your absence. But that ends all between us. We need never see each other's faces after to-morrow. Why should we say hard things, or talk about the past? Had you not better go to the Vicarage, and let me go quietly home?"

She was much the calmer of the two, despite that inward struggle between love and resentment. He was mad with the pent-up feeling of all those long dreary days and nights in which he had fought with his passion, believing he had beaten it, only to find it now starting up in his soul, indestructible as the deathless Egyptian Typhon, that monstrous type of evil power.

"Let you go! No," he cried, with his strong grasp upon her wrist. He who had been weak as a child a few short weeks ago, was strong now with all the strength of a desperate tempted soul. "No, I have got you, and I will not let you go. Oh, my love, my love, my lost and only love, I will not let you go till I have told you something of the truth."

His arms were round her now, her head drawn close to his breast, his eyes looking down into hers with fond despairing love, his words hurry-

ing thick and fast from lips that trembled as they spoke.

"Yes, you shall hear me, you shall know the truth—all the mad, foolish truth. When your father died, and people began to whisper, and to shrug their shoulders, and insinuate vile slanders against you, the devil got into my mind, as into the minds of those village gossips, and a horrible fear took hold of me. I thought it was just possible—just within the compass of human error—that, maddened by your father's tyranny and injustice, you had blackened your soul with murder—your fair young soul which till that hour I had deemed stainless. I saw you at the inquest, and I thought, God help me, that I could read guilt in your face and manner. I struggled against the conviction—I tried to believe you innocent and all the world mistaken, but the more I fought against it, the stronger that conviction grew. In my darkest hours I believed you guilty; at my best moments I was doubtful. So I swore I would pluck your image out of my heart. How could I cherish you, sin incarnate, and be faithful to my God? What was my individual happiness upon this little spot of earth when weighed against duty and honor? And so I left you, love—went away to forget you, worked as few men have worked, strove as few have striven, prayed without ceasing, and remembered you all the more vividly for the distance that severed us, and loved you all the more dearly because I had lost you. And now," he cried, straining her against his heart in one desperate embrace, pressing his lips to hers in one impassioned kiss—"now marry Kenrick Culverhouse, it you dare, and let the memory of me be your curse, as it is mine to remember you."

After that kiss he loosed his hold and let her go. She tottered a few paces from the railing that had supported her, and then her feet seemed to get entangled in the long grass of a neglected grave, and she fell headlong at the foot of a gloomy old yew which stretched its long branches across her as she lay, like the scraggy arms of weird women—pointing to a foredoomed victim of Fate.

Cyril ran back to the vestry to get some water, and there happily encountered Mrs. Pomfret, the pew-opener, who had come to dust and garnish the church for to-morrow's ceremony.

"Miss Harefield has fainted," he cried. "Bring some water, and see what you can do for her, while I go and get a fly."

He went into the street, intending to order a carriage at the inn, but luckily found the flyman who had brought him from Great Yafford, refreshing his horse with a nose-bag and himself with a pint of ale before a small beer shop over against the church-yard. He told this man to bring his fly close up to the gate for a lady.

"I must get back to the town directly," said the man.

"I only want you to drive half a mile or so, and I'll give you a crown for the job."

"Very well, Sir, I'll do it."

Cyril went back to the spot where he had left Beatrix. She was seated upon a low stone tomb, supported by Mrs. Pomfret, and looking dazed and white.

"I have got a fly to drive her home," he said to the pew-opener. "Bring her as soon as you can. It is getting cold here."

The wind had risen. The tall poplars were swaying against the chill evening sky, the old yew was groaning drearily, like a giant in pain.

Cyril waited silently, and as silently accompanied Beatrix when she was able to move slowly toward the gate, leaning on Mrs. Pomfret as she went. He handed her into the fly, with Mrs. Pomfret, who was to see her safe at home, directed and paid the driver, and waited bare-headed till the fly was out of sight. A wild white face looked out at him from the carriage window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STREET-CLEANING IN NEW YORK.

The series of sketches on page 925 will give our readers a good idea of the clumsy, expensive, and inefficient method adopted in this city for keeping the streets clean. New York is notoriously one of the least cleanly cities in the civilized world, although an enormous sum is expended every year for the purpose of gathering and removing ashes, garbage, and sweepings from the public thoroughfares. Nearly $1,000,000 is paid annually for half doing a work which, if properly carried on, might be made a source of profit to the city.

The Street-cleaning Bureau employs an army of sweepers and cart-drivers. It is the business of the first, with scrapers and stiff brooms, to collect the refuse of the streets into little heaps, in readiness for the carts, which are started out as soon as darkness sets in and the streets are comparatively free from other vehicles. These carts are intended to carry away not only the sweepings of the "Broom Brigade," but also the collections of garbage, ashes, etc., placed in barrels and boxes before each house. As soon as a cart is filled, the driver takes his way to the "dump" of the district he is at work in, and after having deposited his load, he returns for another. Owing to the neglect of proper supervision, and the carelessness of the men employed in removing house refuse, complaints are constantly made of the indifference shown by the Street-cleaning Department in not removing the garbage, ashes, etc., placed upon the sidewalk for removal by the dwellers. No discipline is maintained; the driver of the dirt wagon goes along removing what he pleases, and neglecting to take any thing that does not suit him. It is also a regular plan for the drivers to start off for the "dumps" when they have only collected half a load, and so shorten their labor for the night. Repeated complaints have also been made as to the system of extortion put in practice by the drivers of the collection carts. "No pay, no removal," seems to be a favorite rule with them. This is particularly the case with hotels, dining-rooms, oyster-houses, and such like establishments, where generally a considerable amount of refuse accumulates daily. As a rule, from twenty-five to fifty cents per day is the amount paid to an accommodating driver. The up-town districts of the city present a marked contrast to the lower districts, where the refuse and garbage are sometimes allowed to collect for days before removal.

There are fourteen public dumps or dépôts for the accumulation of the city's refuse. Of these, five are situated on the North River, at the following points: Forty-sixth Street, Thirty-seventh Street, Twenty-first Street, Twelfth Street, and Laight Street. Nine are situated on the East River, as follows: Eighty-sixth Street, Forty-sixth Street, Thirty-eighth Street, Twenty-second Street, Seventeenth Street, Fifth Street, Stanton Street, Jackson Street, and Market Street. At the foregoing points all the refuse collected is dumped on board scows and barges for removal. These scows and barges are large flat-bottomed boats, as shown in our engraving. When a number of them are loaded, they are towed to the various dumping grounds by steam-tugs, of which there are two constantly in the employment of the Street-cleaning Bureau.

Great difficulty has been experienced in the selection of proper dumping grounds for the immense amount of garbage and other refuse annually removed from our streets. Wherever deposited, it speedily becomes a nuisance; and the officials in charge of the business have generally shown no regard to public or private interests in their haste to get rid of the accumulation at the least expense and trouble to themselves. Last summer they nearly ruined navigation at the Stepping Stones, in Long Island Sound, destroyed valuable oyster beds in that vicinity, and rendered the shores of Long Island almost uninhabitable, as the tide swept ashore the garbage thrown overboard from the scows. At one time during the early part of the summer the nuisance became so great as to create a panic among the residents and hotel-owners along the Long Island shore, as the many watering-places located there were being deserted, owing to the dangerous and disgusting nuisances created by the police officials in their efforts to get rid of the city's garbage and refuse.

Many other places around the city have suffered from the same cause. Harlem Flats, of which the lower cut on the page will convey a good idea, has been a favorite dumping ground, greatly to the detriment of the public health. Repeated attempts have been made to use the bay as a dumping ground. Owing to the peculiar outline of the Long Island coast, it was impossible to deposit any refuse in the bay without a very large percentage of it being washed ashore on the Coney Island beach. Dead animals, old beds, garbage, and every thing that did not immediately sink were by the action of the tide and winds washed ashore along this line and that of Staten Island, until the nuisance became so great as to demand immediate action on the part of the property-owners along the shore. Within the past two years immense sums of money have been expended in improving Coney Island Beach, and with such success that this place has become one of the most popular summer localities within the vicinity of New York. Without warning, a new and peculiar danger threatened the entire place. All kinds of offensive and disgusting filth was washed ashore; dead animals undergoing rapid decomposition, putrid garbage, rotting beds, etc., came gently floating on the tide, rendering it impossible to bathe in this otherwise favorable spot. The prompt and energetic action of the Brooklyn Shore Inspector soon put an end to this gross outrage.

Two plans have been proposed for the disposal of the city refuse—one to burn it in immense furnaces; the other to establish large storage reservoirs, where it can be collected, submitted to the action of disinfecting agents, and allowed to remain until it has undergone the changes necessary to make it available as a fertilizer. The first plan involves waste and expense. By the second, the refuse might be made a source of profit to the city.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The cause of the green color of certain oysters has long been popularly ascribed to the presence of copper in the sea-water, and the finding of oysters having this peculiarity on certain parts of the English coast where copper mines are to be met with has apparently strengthened the hypothesis.

It is also well known that on the coast of France oysters are kept in shallow pits filled with salt-water for the purpose of imparting to them this green color, considered as an excellence by epicures; and Dr. Bornet, in a recent communication to Mr. Thistleton Dyer, published in *Nature* for September 6, refers to the diatom *Navicula fusiformis*, variety *ostrearia*, as having a cobalt blue color during life, and occurring in profusion in the oyster preserves of Croisic. The green tint of the oysters he thinks is the result of feeding on this diatom. This was easily demonstrated by placing white oysters in a plate of sea-water containing nothing but this *navicula*, and the "greening" was found to take place in thirty-six hours.

An account has recently been published of the discovery, by Mr. Bonnat, of an extensive gold-bearing region in Guinea, for the working of which he has lately obtained a concession.

A grant of 6000 francs has been made by the Minister of the Marine and the Colonies, of France, for the furtherance of archæological and ethnological explorations, under Mr. Largeau, in the Algerian Sahara. This traveller, at last advices, was in the oasis of Wargla, and was about forwarding to Paris specimens of knives, saws, and other implements found by him in the desert. In view of the circumstances under which these objects occurred, Mr. Largeau concluded that the physical conditions of the region in former years were far different from what they are now, and that, in point of fact, the great depressions of the desert, known by the names of Chotts and Sebkhas, were once lakes.

The *Monthly Weather Review* of the Signal-office at Washington for August gives, as the most interesting features of that period, the unusually low barometric pressure over the Atlantic and the Gulf States, the general excess in temperature, the large number of heavy local rains, and the general deficiency of rain in the Middle States, and the consequent droughts.

The maximum temperatures of the month were 100° at Indianola and Dodge City, 102° on the North Platte, 103° at Red Bluff, 104° at Brackettsville, 108° at San Antonio, 112° at Yuma, and 116° at Stanwix.

The minimum temperature recorded was at Winnemucca, 36°. All the minima occurred north of the 40th parallel of latitude, and generally west of the 96th degree of longitude.

In the report the generalization is made that the least ranges of temperature occur at sea-coast stations, the most exposed stations having the least ranges, and that the greatest ranges occur at the more elevated stations, especially in the region north of the 40th parallel and west of the 96th meridian.

Frosts were observed, on the 13th, at Logansport, Indiana, and at Cape May.

Considerably more than the average amount of rain has fallen in Oregon, but with the single exception of 0.03 of an inch, no rain is reported in California. At Greenville, North Carolina, 5.69 inches fell in a single shower, and the largest monthly rain-fall was 11.11 inches, at Mount Washington.

Droughts injurious to vegetation prevailed in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and many other States. On the other hand, floods occurred in several localities.

The present number contains the observations on sun spots made during the month at the Washington Observatory.

The Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Marseilles contains an interesting communication on Unyamwesi, in Central Africa, by the son-in-law of the king of that country, and is accompanied by a map showing the explorations prosecuted by him in 1874–1877 between the east coast of Africa, opposite Zanzibar, and Victoria Nyanza. The author, M. Broyon, recommends exploring expeditions to avoid the Unyanyembe route, on the ground that it is infested by people whose special occupation is the pillage of caravans.

We some time ago announced the discovery, by Sergius Kern, of St. Petersburg, of a new metal, which he called Davyum, after Sir Humphry Davy. In a recent communication on the subject he gives its specific gravity at about 9.390, at 24° C. The atomic weight is about 154. Further investigations upon the metal will be made as soon as an additional supply can be obtained. The entire amount hitherto separated from its ores is but twenty-seven grams.

The death of Professor Adolf Erman, one of the most eminent of German physicists, of the Berlin University, took place on the 13th of July, at the age of seventy-one.

It may be well for American chemists and inventors to know that the authorities of Guadeloupe have offered a premium of $20,000 for the best new process of extracting the juice of the sugar-cane, the cost not to exceed forty per cent. of the market value. The offer is open till June, 1880.

Shortly after the announcement of the discovery by Professor Hall of the two moons of Mars it was stated that these objects had been observed by Borelly, of Marseilles, at about the same time. It appears, however, that this announcement related to the asteroid, No. 174, discovered by Professor Watson on the 8th of August, and which was observed by Borelly on the 11th. Professor Stephan, director of the observatory at Marseilles, suggests that although Professor Watson saw the planet No. 174 on the 8th of August, yet he was not certain of its planetary character until the 16th, and that therefore the priority of discovery seems to belong to Borelly. So far only one of the satellites of Mars has been detected in Europe.

Mr. Moses Strong, assistant geologist of the Geological Survey of Wisconsin, was drowned on the 18th of August last, while engaged in a geological examination of the branches of the Chippewa River. Mr. Strong graduated at Yale College in 1867, and after taking a special course of study in a German university, became connected with the Wisconsin Survey. He had already completed, as assistant to Professor Chamberlain, the examination of the lead region, and was engaged upon the copper-bearing formation in the region of the Upper St. Croix.

Mr. Sograf, a member of the Moscow Society of Naturalists, has had a curious but by no means unusual experience with the natives of the peninsula of Kanin, in the Samoyede district. As a zealous anthropologist, he was desirous of having accurate measurements of the heads, bodies, limbs, etc., of the people, which the natives naturally imagined to involve some sinister object. This finally culminated in the impression that their reindeer and possessions were to be taken from them, and they themselves transported to the seat of war as soldiers; whereupon they packed up their tents and proceeded into the interior, where they supposed they would be safe from his wiles, and where he had to accompany them. In the course of these operations his collections were attacked, and the alcohol used in the preparation of insects, etc., was swallowed by the natives.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

This philanthropic incident occurred at a restaurant recently, and is a beautiful illustration of the better side of human nature: Two gentlemen had had a tolerably good dinner, and were looking at the checks, which fell some three dollars short of the proper amount. In lieu of two bottles of Champagne which had been consumed, the waiter had charged for only one. "Shall we point out the thing?" said one, probably the more scrupulous. "Well," replied the other, after a moment of doubt, "we had better not. The waiter would be sure to be scolded, poor fellow."

This is the way they worked it up in one of the Western journals: "Finding escape impossible, she threw a feather-bed out on the ground, and grasping her two children, leaped from the second story out upon it, did Mrs. Briggs. All three escaped unhurt." She was a noble woman, to do so well after "finding escape impossible."

A servant who prided herself on living in a "genteel" family defined it, on being questioned, as one "where they keep a carriage, have three or four kinds of wine, and never pay a bill the first time it's called for."

"My wife," remarks one Benedick to another, "has just the loveliest head of hair you ever saw. When she lets it down, it reaches in a mass of ringlets below her waist." "That's nothing," replies the other; "when my wife lets hers down, it falls to the floor."

When a canvasser called at the house of an austere Rutland widow the other day and inquired if there was a man on the premises, the lady replied, loftily, "None; but I have a very large dog which takes the place of a man, and reflects credit upon the house." The canvasser took the hint and departed.

The woman who thrilled an audience with a bright and electric smile has been engaged to light the auditorium of a theatre.

The difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of the church is simply this: One is the rector, the other the erector, and the third the director.

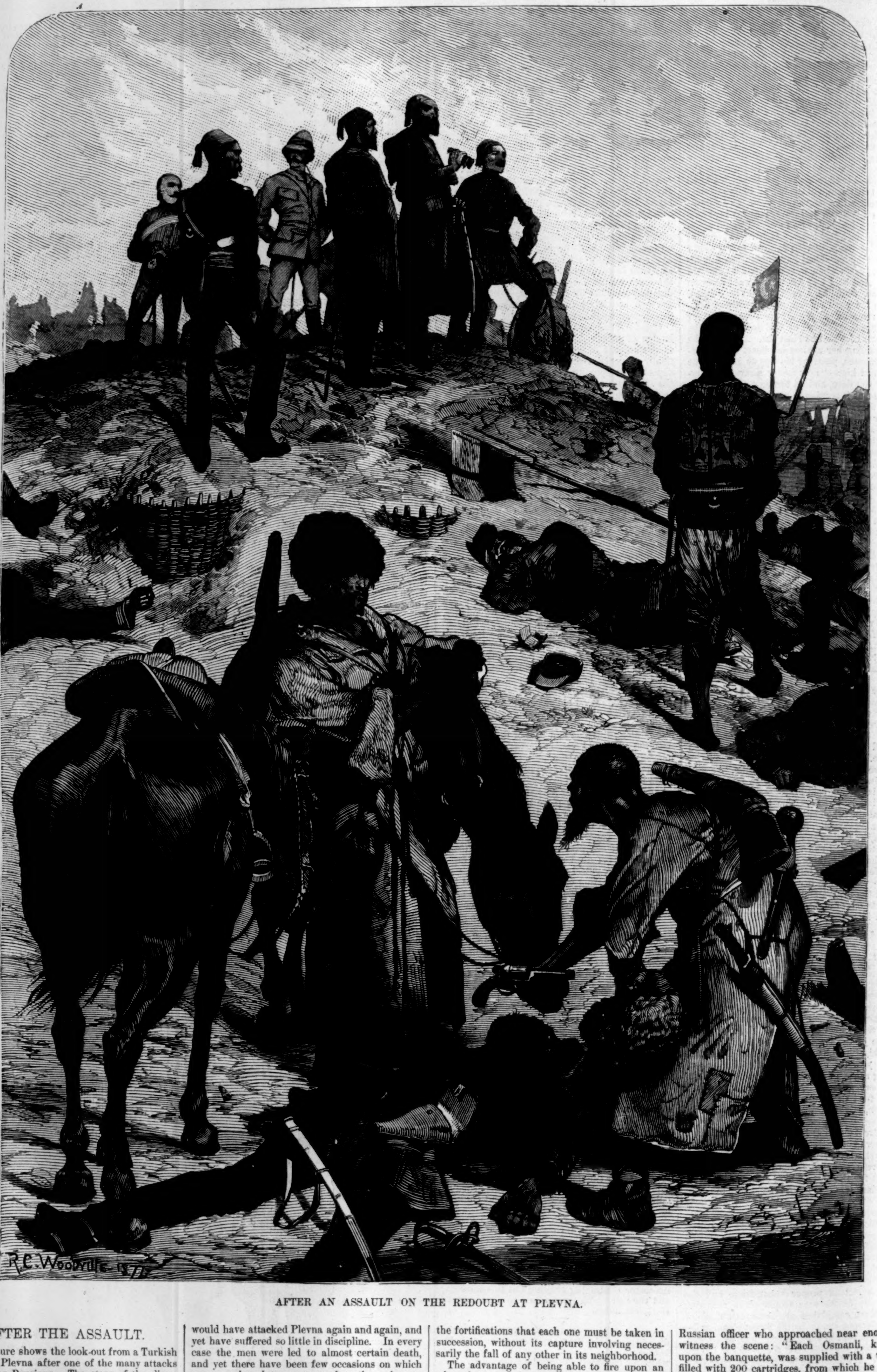
The man who said he had just got out of a tight place had been seen a few minutes before wiping his mouth in a drinking saloon.

Youth (*with sad, love-struck air*). "Oh! wilt thou be mine, my own dear birdie? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly. I can not live without you! Say—oh! say thou wilt be mine!"

Maiden (*with downcast eyes*). "Adolphus, is there any thing the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls look at me curiously. Does my hair set all right?"

[*Adolphus discontinues his love-making.*

Our prim little friend Softer having been elected to Office in the City on the Democratic Ticket, two of his new influential friends take him around to introduce him to the "Boys."



AFTER AN ASSAULT ON THE REDOUBT AT PLEVNA.

AFTER THE ASSAULT.

OUR picture shows the look-out from a Turkish redoubt at Plevna after one of the many attacks made by the Russians. The story of the disastrous attempts made to capture these positions by assault would make up a curious chapter in the history of modern warfare. Nothing could be more admirable than the courage, patience, and endurance of the Russian soldier, and few nations in the world could produce men who would have attacked Plevna again and again, and yet have suffered so little in discipline. In every case the men were led to almost certain death, and yet there have been few occasions on which any were heard to murmur when the orders to prepare for an assault were given. The defenses of Plevna are almost impregnable. The position is not merely defended by a number of strong redoubts, but by a carefully planned system of detached forts, forming what is known as a "line with intervals," where such is the disposition of the fortifications that each one must be taken in succession, without its capture involving necessarily the fall of any other in its neighborhood.

The advantage of being able to fire upon an advancing enemy from behind an earth-work is of course enormous, and the havoc made at times in the Russian columns by a single Turkish rifleman was almost incredible. The following description of the manner in which the Turks fought during an attack on the Grivitza redoubt made early in September is gathered from the testimony of a Russian officer who approached near enough to witness the scene: "Each Osmanli, kneeling upon the banquette, was supplied with a tin box filled with 200 cartridges, from which he loaded and fired as rapidly as he could, rarely aiming, never exposing his head for more than a second above the works. But this was only at the outset of the attack, and as the columns approached to within a distance of fifty yards all prudence was abandoned, the Turks swarmed upon the parapet and poured in their fire, and as one man

rolled over into the ditch his place was taken by another, with a heroism for which no praise is too great. It was a series of assaults and repulses from 3 P.M. to 7 P.M., with scarcely half an hour's interval in the butchering at a time, so that when at last the Turkish standard was captured and the last defenders fell, it was the result of hard, hand-to-hand fighting, when the victory remained as the reward of the pluck and tenacity of the once-despised Roumanian soldier."

The heroism displayed by the soldiery in open attack was not greater than that shown all through the construction of the trenches leading to the second Grivitza redoubt, of which an account will be found in our Supplement. Scarcely a day passed without a skirmish, in which a number of men were wounded. In many cases

ABANDONMENT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, AT DAYBREAK, OCTOBER 15.—[FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN CARTER, OF THE "CLEOPATRA."]

they were too much disabled to get back within shelter of the camp. A correspondent writes: "I have seen several who have lain in a trench three or four days at a time without food or drink, in the sickening expectancy of assistance which never came. Their fellow-soldiers could hear their groans and cries, but it was certain death to venture into the open, and there they were forced to remain, profiting by each moment of darkness to crawl to the next shelter, to recommence their painful journey on the succeeding night. One man with his foot shot off managed, after seventy-two hours of weary waiting, to crawl nearly two miles. He had been in the affair where, from want of support, General SKOBELEFF had been forced back, and was wounded early in the day. The ambulance people had not seen him, and he had been left behind, so he crept under a pile of corpses, and knowing that the enemy cut off soldiers' legs to get their boots, had pulled off his, and so escaped observation."

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

A SEA-GOING obelisk is such an anomaly in the history of architecture that it would have been unreasonable to expect the huge monolith now on its way to England to escape without at least one marine adventure. Unlike men, monuments are supposed to lead quiet and uneventful lives, remaining tranquilly in one position, and preserving a magnificent calm amid the change and bustle that go on around them. Occasionally, however, it happens that even an obelisk will experience the ups and downs of life, be subject to the caprices of fortune, and enjoy opportunities of visiting different parts of the world. Among this class of travelling obelisks the Cleopatra's Needle now *en voyage* is conspicuous. After having been hewed out of the granite quarries of Syene at an immense expenditure in human labor and at some cost to the treasury of THOTHMES III., this monolith had for a few hundred years a comparatively prosperous existence at Heliopolis. Rations of bread and wine were offered at its pedestal with proper solemnity, and in a manner highly interesting to a student of the freaks and follies of primitive man. The sides of the monument were inscribed with the names of Tum and Ra, the setting and the rising sun; and if the granite possessed those sentimental sympathies which M. GAUTIER ascribed to the Luxor obelisk in Paris, no doubt it thrilled with emotion while receiving the oblations offered to these deities.

The element of change first entered into the existence of Cleopatra's Needle at the time it was sent down the Nile to decorate the Cæsareum, and since that time the obelisk has had but little peace. First an earthquake overthrew it, then the sand drifted about it, and for a few ages the self-sufficient monument, accustomed to the devotion of myriads of Egyptians, had an opportunity to acquire the virtue of humility. In 1801 it again rose to the dignity of public importance. A band of British sailors stationed in Egypt became interested in the prostrate monolith, and plans were laid for its removal to England. Operations were scarcely under way, however, before the Admiralty decided that British sailors had no business with obelisks, and in compliance with their orders the work was abandoned. The public lost interest in the matter, and the unhappy monument received no further attention save from archæologists and wandering tourists until 1819, when MEHEMET ALI presented it to the Prince Regent, and the British government formally accepted the gift. The question of its removal was again seriously entertained, but the estimate of the expense, £10,000, deterred the economical British nation from making the attempt. In 1851 the late Mr. JOSEPH HUME, great economist as he was, advocated its removal in the House of Commons, but again the expense, this time computed at £7000, appeared too great. After this the unhappy obelisk was offered to the Crystal Palace, which institution promptly but politely declined the honor of receiving such a gift. By this time the monument, if at all sensitive, must have concluded that its cup of humiliation was about full. But worse was yet to come. In 1852 it suffered mutilation at the hands of Mr. SCOTT TUCKER, an antiquarian, who brought a small fragment of it to England and presented it to the British Museum. Again, in 1867, the subject of its removal was brought before the British government by a notification from the Khedive that he had let the ground under its feet, or rather side, to a Greek merchant. England proved irresponsive to this last appeal, and the man of commerce, disgusted with a tenant who paid no rent and could not be ejected, quietly buried the unhappy monument under the sand, and carried on his inglorious pursuit of sordid gain above the fallen shrine of Egypt's greatest god.

Better times were coming, however. Obelisks are not like mortals. A few years passed in the seclusion of the grave impairs neither their beauty nor their value. Cleopatra's Needle was buried, but its memory still lived, and in 1876 it entered into the heart of Sir J. E. ALEXANDER to once more agitate the question of its resurrection and removal to the inhospitable shores of Albion. Not even yet, however, would the chilly bosom of Mother England respond to an appeal on behalf of the unhappy monument. Only an indi-

dividual heart warmed toward it—that of Professor ERASMUS WILSON, who offered the sum of £10,000 toward accomplishing its removal. He soon found a coadjutor in the person of Mr. JOHN DIXON, an able engineer, who proposed to undertake the task.

The scheme devised by this gentleman was the construction of a wrought-iron cylindrical pontoon, ninety-two feet long by fifteen feet in diameter, within which the obelisk might be conveyed to England by sea. This pontoon should be furnished with a series of bulkheads or diaphragms, dividing the ship into eight water-tight compartments. The obelisk was to pass through these bulkheads, which are provided with "spring beams" made of timber properly elastic. Upon these spring beams Cleopatra's Needle should rest, and be so packed and calked that any undue strain would but break or bend a piece of timber, leaving the obelisk intact. The flotation power of the pontoon thus constructed is 705 tons, while the obelisk weighs less than a fourth as many, and the ballast but thirty tons. Hence it was believed that it could not easily founder, even should one or two of its eight compartments become filled with water. The ship's buoyancy having been thus provided for, the deck-house, masts, and other fittings were next completed. The deck-house was placed above the pontoon and near its centre, having a steering wheel in the fore part, and accommodation for the small crew. A long, narrow hurricane deck was also built above the cabin. Two bilge keels were added below.

The construction of this curious vessel was intrusted to the Thames Iron-works Company, who accomplished the task most successfully under the joint direction of Messrs. JOHN DIXON, C.E., and Mr. B. BAKER, C.E. The material used was iron plates three-eighths of an inch and seven-sixteenths of an inch thick. The pontoon when completed was sent to Alexandria in sections ready to receive her singular freight. The Needle, which was lying buried in the sand close to the beach of the Mediterranean, was coaxed into entering the pontoon in a very ingenious way. The soil under a short length of the obelisk having been completely excavated, the segment of the pontoon meant to cover that part was built round it. Another, and still another, bit was treated in like manner, the segments being duly fastened together. When ready for taking the sea, on the pontoon's completion, the Needle was brought by hydraulic pressure into a proper position. A roadway was then dug up to the sea wall and through it, and a short sloping platform made, leading into deep water, so that the ship, with the obelisk inside, could be easily rolled into the sea.

Every thing went propitiously for the travelling obelisk. No flaw occurred in the calculations, and on September 20 the following jubilant dispatch was received at the Foreign Office from Mr. VIVIAN at Alexandria: "I yesterday launched the cylinder iron ship *Cleopatra*, containing the obelisk known as 'Cleopatra's Needle,' in presence of the Egyptian officials, the foreign representatives, and all the English community in Alexandria. Great interest was taken in the ceremony. The cylinder had been in dock since the unfortunate accident that happened in rolling it down to the sea, but all damages are now thoroughly repaired. A cabin, steering apparatus, and mast have been added to the ship, which is now quite ready for sea. The *Cleopatra* draws about nine feet of water forward and ten feet aft, and seems buoyant enough; but although they have given her two keelsons to steady her, the general fear is that she will roll heavily in a heavy seaway, and she does not seem to answer her helm well. She will be in charge of an officer and crew of six men, who will remain on board of her in case stress of weather should compel the tug to cast her off, and Mr. DIXON, the engineer, will accompany her in the tug."

The vessel which took the *Cleopatra* in tow on her voyage toward England was the *Olga*, an iron ship owned by the St. Andrew Steam Company, Liverpool, BOOTH, master. She was built at Sunderland in 1870, and is 251 feet long, 32 feet broad, and 17 feet in depth of hold. Her registered net tonnage is 863; her gross tonnage, 1329. Her horse-power is 130, and she has a screw propeller. Towed by this vessel, the pontoon containing the obelisk made steady headway toward England until the latter part of the week ending October 13. The *Olga* and her convoy were at this time in the Bay of Biscay, when a gale overtook them, which increased in fury toward Sunday evening. Soon after dark the wind became so high that the *Olga* cast off the tow-ropes, and about ten o'clock a tremendous sea overwhelmed the *Cleopatra*, broke some of the rail ballast adrift, and left her with a strong list to starboard. Captain CARTER, in command of the latter vessel, fearing another such sea might capsize her, signaled for assistance. The *Olga* sent a boat with a volunteer crew, which found the *Cleopatra*, and caught the ropes thrown to them, but could not hold on, and drifted away. The *Olga* imagined her boat was with the *Cleopatra*. At daybreak, the gale continuing, a very skillful attempt was made to get the *Cleopatra's* crew on board the *Olga*. This proved successful, and it was then found that the boat's crew were missing, and the *Olga* steamed away to look after them. The search proved fruitless, and on returning the *Cleopatra* could not be found, and the *Olga* at once headed for Falmouth.

In this manner our unhappy obelisk was lost at sea. The tide of fortune had not forsaken it, however. Within two days' time the *Fitzmaurice*, a vessel bound from Middlesborough for Valencia, sighted the wanderer not far from the spot—N. lat. 44° 53′, W. lon. 7° 52′—where she was cast off, and taking her in tow, landed her at Ferrol, on the coast of Spain.

The saddest part of the obelisk's adventure was the loss of the six men who attempted to reach the *Cleopatra* from the *Olga*. With reference to this disaster it should be explained that the boat's crew were not selected under superior orders, but were volunteers for the service. When Captain CARTER, of the *Cleopatra*, signaled that he was in peril and wished to be taken off the Needle ship, the captain of the *Olga* called for volunteers to man the boat for the removal of the *Cleopatra's* crew. ASKIN, the second mate, and five others at once came forward; the boat was lowered into the sea, which was then running very high, and they experienced some difficulty in making the *Cleopatra*. However, they did reach to within hailing distance; a line was thrown to the boat, which ASKIN and another caught, but the roll of the waves was too heavy to allow them to retain their grasp. They had to let go the line, and at once the boat drifted past the *Cleopatra's* stern, and was momentarily hidden in the midnight darkness. There is no human probability that the boat could survive the tempest; she was no doubt capsized, and all her crew drowned.

ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS.

REFERRING to our recent notice and illustration of the Hot Springs, we desire to remind our readers that a pamphlet, descriptive of the Springs, the routes and rates to them, can be had *free* by addressing E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.—[*Com.*]

SUCH names as Dr. O. W. HOLMES, WASHINGTON IRVING, and Ex-President VAN BUREN, have borne testimony to the efficacy of *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy*, which is for sale by druggists.—[*Com.*]

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are a certain cure for Pinworms. Their use is infallible against all parasites.—[*Com.*]

HAPPY tidings for nervous sufferers, and those who have been dosed, drugged, and quacked. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts effectually cure premature debility, weakness, and decay. Book and Journal, with information worth thousands, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

Pure white teeth and a sweet breath are, as the poet says, "an excellent thing in man and woman." Nothing adds so much to the personal appearance as a fine set of teeth, and to neglect their care is inexcusable. To keep them free from scurf, and spotless as pearls, cleanse them daily with

FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

It is a wholesome Botanical preparation, and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It is loudly praised by artists of the dramatic and lyric profession, who especially know the value of a reliable dentifrice. Sold by Druggists every where.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

Sold only in Packets labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON.

FORBES' PATENT ACME CLUB SKATES.

The only reliable and really self-fastening Skate ever invented. Can be instantly and firmly attached to any boot. No Straps to Lame the Feet! No Heel-plates to Clog up! No Keys required when on the ice to put them on. Sold by most Skate Dealers. Dealers can have descriptive catalogues on application to BRADFORD & ANTHONY, Boston, Mass., General Agents for the United States.

ESTABLISHED 1840. IMPROVED FIELD, MARINE, OPERA, AND TOURIST'S GLASSES. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. Artificial Human Eyes. H. WALDSTEIN, Optician, 545 Broadway, N.Y. Catalogues mailed by enclosing stamp. Highest awards from all the World's Exhibitions.

AT THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE of JOHN HICKLING, 62 Broadway, operators can fill their own orders from the blackboard.

$25 00 Margin............ 25 Shares.
$50 00 Margin............ 50 Shares.
$100 00 Margin............ 100 Shares.

JOHN HICKLING, 62 Broadway, N.Y.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders. Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. 347 Broome Street. Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

ROUSSEAU'S BURGLAR ALARM. PERFECT. AUTOMATIC. Electric Bells. Annunciators. Circular, with references. 7 Vanderbilt Avenue, N. Y. City.

Imitation Gold Watches $8, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C.O.D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

40 Flowered, diamond, egg, and tinted Bristol Cards, with your name neatly printed on them, all for 10c. STAR & CO., Northford, Conn.

Mercurial and Metallic Barometers in various designs, suitable for Observatories, Halls, Yachts, Libraries, &c. Also, elegantly Mounted Barometers and Thermometers in Miniature patterns, being valuable presents for Scientists, &c. Also, delicate Pocket Barometers for measuring altitudes as well as foretelling the change of the weather, at

J. GALL'S, 21 Union Square, bet. 15th and 16th Sts., N. Y.

MINTONS' ART AND ENAMELED TILES

CHINA WORKS, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON, 38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK, The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 10 CTS.

COLORED PHOTOGRAPH SLIDES, only 75 cents each. Sample Colored Slide and Book of Lectures, $1.00 Book of Lantern Lectures, only 20 cents. Catalogue of Second-hand Magic Lanterns and Slides, 10 CENTS. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FLORIDA WEEKLY UNION! $1.50 a year in advance. 20 Columns Reading Matter. ALL ABOUT FLORIDA. Address SIDNEY T. BATES, Established in 1868. Jacksonville, Fla.

BURNETT'S COLOGNE.

Unrivalled in Richness and Delicacy of Perfume. *In Quarter and Half Pints, Pints and Quarts.*

Highest Awards at the Centennial Exposition, at Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston and New York.

Without effort on our part, it has, in a brief time, attained a large and constantly increasing sale, confirming the opinion of the best judges, that it is **superior** to any foreign or domestic.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON.

For Sale by Druggists, Grocers and Fancy Goods Dealers everywhere.

WONDER! WONDER! FREE!

Our Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue of Gold, Silver, and Oreide Watches, Jewelry, and Bronzes will be sent free on application. We manufacture and sell direct to consumers at manufacturers' prices. FRANKLIN JEWELRY CO., 703 Bennett Street, Philadelphia.

Palace Coal Vase. SOLD BY DEALERS IN HOUSE-KEEPER'S HARDWARE. Sole Manufacturers, SIDNEY SHEPARD & CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

WONDER UPON WONDER.

Given Away—A strange, mysterious, and most extraordinary Book, entitled "THE BOOK OF WONDERS." Containing, with numerous curious pictorial illustrations, the mysteries of the Heavens and Earth, Natural and Supernatural, Oddities, Whimsical, Strange Curiosities, Witches and Witchcraft, Dreams, Superstitions, Absurdities, Fabulous, Enchantment, &c. In order that all may see this curious book, the publishers have resolved to give it away to all that desire to see it. Address by postal card, F. GLEASON & Co., 738 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Breech-Loading Rifle, $7.50.

Revolvers, 7-Shot, $3 00. English Double Shot-Gun, $12 00. Send for Circular. HOMER FISHER, 260 Broadway, N.Y.

DEAFNESS and CATARRH.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N.J.

L'AMERIQUE CIGARETTES—Perique and Vanity Fair. Correct thing for dinner and whist parties.

25 CARDS, 25 styles, 10c.; or, 20 Chromo Cards, 20c., with name. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

KURTZ Portraits, MADISON SQUARE. BRANCH: Old Post-Office Building, Nassau Street.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4 00
The THREE publications, one year........10 00
Any TWO, one year........ 7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year........20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft**, to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid. A complete Analytical Index of the first fifty volumes, from June, 1850, to May, 1875, inclusive, is now ready. Price, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 25.

Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY or BAZAR, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 55 volumes of the MAGAZINE, 20 volumes of the WEEKLY, and 9 volumes of the BAZAR now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line; Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

MARCY'S OIL AND GAS SCIOPTICONS With New Improved and Carefully Selected MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES, L. J. MARCY, 1340 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. For convenience and efficiency, for private or for public use, *they stand* UNRIVALLED. Circulars free. Catalogues 10 cents. Sciopticon Manual, 6th Ed. 75 cents. Specimen Scientific Slide, 25 cents.

PAINTING AND DECORATING. GARRETT & RAYMOND, 6th Avenue Cor. 38th St., New York. ESTIMATES SOLICITED.

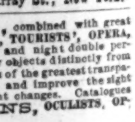
CATARRH, Throat, Lung, and Heart affections treated with *Homœopathic Remedies* and *Electricity*. First prescriptions by mail, $3 00. Ample rooms to accommodate patients. Address DR. N. S. DODGE, McLean's Block, St. Louis, Mo.

ACME CLUB SKATE.

Self-Fastening, requires no Plates, Straps, nor Key. Send stamp for List of Skates, Novelties, and Sporting Goods. FISH & SIMPSON, 132 Nassau Street, N.Y.

ORNAMENTAL GRASS BOUQUETS, by mail, carefully packed, for 30c., 50c., 80c., $1 20, $2 50, and $4 00. Grasses, Ferns, Mosses, &c., for house decoration—most beautiful on earth. Samples (50 varieties), for 50c. Illustrated price-list, 3c. stamp. A. HENRY, Box 677, Jacksonville, Florida.

PRINTING PRESSES.



Hand-Inkers, from $2 to $60. Self-Inkers, from $10 to $85. Rotary, from $60 to $150. The best and cheapest, and of our own manufacture. Circulars free. Specimen Book of Type, 10 cents. YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 35 Murray St., New York.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y

VANDERBURGH, WELLS, & CO. Wood Type and Borders, Cabinets, "Strong Slat" Cases, Stands, and Galleys. Complete Newspaper outfits. 16 and 18 Dutch Street, corner Fulton, New York.

Gold Quill Pen, send stamp for circular. G. F. Hawkes, 66 Nassau St. N. Y.

40 EXTRA FINE Mixed Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Rogers' Statuary.
$10 and upward.
"SCHOOL DAYS."
Price $12.
Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to
JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, N. Y.
Corner 27th Street.

$15 SHOT GUN
A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, OR NO SALE; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

MAGIC COLD-WATER FOUNTAIN PEN.

This Pen writes without Ink. Will outlast 12 Steel Pens. Sample, by mail, 10 cents; 3 for 25 cents; 12 dozen for $2 00. Also, dealers in Pens, Pencils, Stationery, and Novelty Goods. *Catalogue Free.*
CITY NOVELTY CO.,
108 South 8th Street, Philadelphia.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS
SUNDAY-SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.
SECRET SOCIETY WORK.
LARGEST & CHEAPEST STOCK.
PROFITABLE BUSINESS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
C. T. MILLICAN
728 CHESTNUT ST PHILA

$1.50 for 10c. } STODDART'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.
12 full size pages. New and popular, *Instrumental* and *Vocal* music. For sale by all newsdealers, or will be mailed on receipt of 10c., by J. M. Stoddart & Co., Pubs., Phila.

FITS Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Positively Cured by using "Dr. Hebbard's Cure." No humbug. "It has cured thousands." Sample bottle free. Address J. E. DIBBLEE, Chemist, 1323 Broadway, N. Y.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.

CAXTON PRESS,
Self-Inking, only $14.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $27 to $60; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

JAPANESE Paper Ware, manufactured by Jennings Bros., received the Centennial award for *Lightness, Durability*, and *Cheapness*. Pails, Basins, Pitchers, &c., are a success. Trade supplied. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

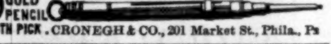
PRINTING! PRESSES! VICTOR! AND ENTERPRISE! Hand-Inkers, $3 to $20. Self-Inkers, $6 to $350. Large Illustrated Catalogue for 2 stamps. J. COOK & CO., Mfr's, West Meriden, Conn.

ASTHMA D. LANGELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.

Having struggled twenty years between life and death with *ASTHMA*, I experimented by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine. I fortunately discovered a sure cure for *ASTHMA and CATARRH*. Warranted to relieve any case of Asthma instantly, so the patient can lie down to sleep. By mail, *$1.00* per box. Address, D. LANGELL, Office 73 Astor House, New York, Or Apple Creek, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists.

REVOLVER FREE.—Seven-shot revolver, with box cartriges. Address J. Bown & Son, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

25 cts FOR A GOLD PENCIL OR TOOTH PICK. Our New Forty-Page Illustrated Watch and Jewelry Catalogue we send everybody Free.



CRONEGH & CO., 201 Market St., Phila., Pa

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM and Morphine habit cured. The Original and only absolute CURE. Send stamp for book on Opium Eating, to W. B. Squire, Worthington, Greene Co., Ind.

66 MIXED CARDS, with name printed on all, for 13c. Outfit 25c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

FOOT LATHES! Fret Saws! Send 6c. for 90 pp. E. Brown, Lowell, Ms.

$95 A Month and Expenses. SALESMEN WANTED. To sell to DEALERS. Samples FREE. Send stamp for reply. **CANDY & NOVELTIES** H. SMITH & CO. Confectioners. Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS double their money selling "Dr. Chase's Improved ($2) Receipt Book." Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

BIG PAY To Agents selling my 10 new articles, Chromos, Watches, Jewelry, &c. Send for Catalogue. R. MORRIS, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. **CIGARS** S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. Coulter & Co., Chicago.

TRIX, Novelties, Notions. 80-page Catalogue free to Agents. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

MEN WANTED. Salary $100 per month. To a few men to sell our goods to DEALERS. Traveling Expenses Paid. NO PEDDLING. **YEARLY CONTRACT** U. S. TEA IMPORTING CO., 156 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO, Bristol, Conn.

$40 A WEEK. Catalogue and Sample Free. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free Address J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PAY made by Agents selling our Rubber printing Stamps. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, O.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS M'F'G CO., Waltham, Mass.

25 Fashionable Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Latest, Cheapest, and Best.

HARPER'S GEOGRAPHIES.

A Complete Course in Physical and Political Geography in Two Books.

	Introduction.	*Exchange.*
HARPER'S INTRODUCTORY GEOGRAPHY,	**45 cents.**	**37 cents.**
" **SCHOOL** "	**94** "	**75** "

☞ **Harper's Geographies are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of reform in geographical teaching. They have received the unqualified endorsement of the public press and of many prominent educators.**

From the Lewistown (Pa.) Gazette.

Upon examination we feel free to say that, for typographical excellence, we have never seen a series of its class that exhibits so many good points as Harper's School Geographies. First, The selection of matter, as well as its arrangement throughout the books, we consider excellent. Second, Its maps are well defined, and are weighed down neither with much color nor multiplicity of names and marks. Third, The idea of a special edition for each State, showing the peculiarities and various special relations of the same, will commend it alike from Maine to Oregon. Again, the departments of commercial and physical geography in the same book, giving each subject its owu separate map, will commend it to popular favor. The crowning characteristic of this text-book is the geography of commerce, which has been made the leading line of thought, "because commerce, domestic and foreign, is becoming more and more a dominant interest in the affairs of the world, involving a systematic presentation of the resources and industries of countries as dependent upon climate, soil, mineral deposits, and other physical conditions." It contains important information concerning cities and towns as commercial, manufacturing and mining centres, and an outline of the system of transportations, domestic and international; also, maps showing the divisions and sub-divisions of the United States, and an industrial and commercial map of the United States, exhibiting leading industries and resources of the country, and existing and proposed systems of transportation by railroads, coast lines, and interior water ways. In brief, this geography, in all its details, combines the best features of similar text-books, offering many new points and valuable features heretofore unused in the school-room. It could not well be improved. Indeed, we feel sure that the directors of the county, through their representatives in committee, could not have selected a more desirable series for uniform adoption in our public schools. There are but two books in the series—in most other series four or five—and while they are larger books, they are not higher in price than more inferior ones of the same class.

From P. B. Stultz, *Superintendent of Schools, Rising Sun, Ind.*

I have examined Harper's School Geography, and consider it the best work of the kind I have had the pleasure to examine. The combining of physical and political geography will supply a want long felt in the common schools.

From J. L. Funkhouser, *Professor of Natural Science, Indiana University.*

I have examined Harper's Geography with pleasure and profit. I consider it a masterly text. Its well digested system of presentation, its unequalled typography, its superior maps and illustrations, commend it to the friends and patrons of schools and colleges.

From John M. Reid, *Principal of Northeastern Normal School, Pardee, Kansas.*

Harper's School Geography needs no recommendation. It speaks for itself.

From Rev. A. T. Parsons, *Member of Board of School Visitors, Killingly, Conn.*

A careful examination of Harper's Introductory Geography and Harper's School Geography enables me to say that I regard them as model text-books both in matter and in manner. The whole field of geographical knowledge has evidently been thoroughly canvassed, and the importance of every fact judiciously weighed. The style of these productions is eminently adapted to the condition of learners, and will have the effect of making the study more of a pleasure and less of a task.

From Prof. N. B. Webster, *Principal of Webster Literary Institute, Norfolk, Va.*

We have over —— of Harper's Geography in use, and like them much.

From W. F. Harper, *Principal of Central Normal School and Commercial Institute, Ladoga, Ind.*

After using Harper's School Geography in our classes for six terms, we are prepared to say it stands the practical test of the class-room. The beauty of the illustrations, the clearness of the text, and the boldness of the page attract and please the pupil. I like the book because it makes geography a science, the portal to all the other sciences. The work commends itself to all teachers who believe that geography is not a mass of dry, unconnected facts, but an interesting plan of causes and effects, of conditions and results, by which the earth becomes the home of the myriads of plants, animals, and people that live upon its surface.

From D. C. Cameron, *County Superintendent of Schools, Houston County, Minn.*

I spent some time in thoroughly examining Harper's Geographies, and think that they are the best that I have ever seen; more in their favor I can not say. I particularly admire the manner in which the author has brought in physical geography.

From H. Lummis, *Monson, Mass, (late of School Committee, Ashland, Mass.).*

I have taken some pains in the examination of Harper's School Geography. It is a superb specimen of the book-making art. As an elegant school book, I have not seen its equal. Let me mention some of the special excellences of the book in its adaptation to the pupil. The maps are admirable. The separation of physical from political maps avoids crowding both. I deem the marking of volcanoes in the one by a red dot, and of the chief cities in the other by a red cross, a good expedient to direct attention and to impress the memory. The commercial and industrial map of the United States is a very valuable addition. It is worth a volume of letter-press. So also is the map of the ocean trade-rontes of the world. The book hits well the medium between tedious detail and too great meagerness. It has a wise method in arrangement calculated to assist the memory. The strength and beauty which it so prominently possesses, along with its other merits, will secure for it speedy adoption.

From Wm. H. Dill, *Principal of Freeburg (Pa.) Academy.*

I have examined Harper's Geographies very carefully, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing them superior, in every particular, to any other with which I am acquainted. I have been using them in my school since the opening of the spring term with satisfactory results.

A careful examination of these books will, I am sure, commend them to those whose duty it is to select text-books for schools.

From Clarence E. Wheeler, *Secretary of School Committee, Rockland, Mass.*

At the beginning of the last fall term we introduced into our grammar school Harper's School Geography. During the time it has been in use the following features of the work have been noticed: First, Its neat and attractive appearance. Second, Its durability. I have never seen any book of the kind so thoroughly and strongly bound. Third, The excellent quality of the material used. Fourth, Its arrangement, combining the physical and political geography in such a manner as to show to the learner the relation of the one to the other. Fifth, Its conciseness. The statements and descriptions are plainly stated, giving all that is needed without going too fully into minute detail. Sixth, Its maps are most excellent, and the illustrations very clear and appropriate. The work is giving excellent satisfaction, and we propose to introduce the smaller work, the Introductory Geography, at once into our lower schools.

From Marcus E. Jones, *Superintendent of Schools, Le Mars, Iowa, and formerly Teacher in Iowa College at Grinnell.*

The Geography is by far the best that I have ever seen. The whole execution of the work is very fine. I shall speak a good word for it wherever I can.

From B. F. Hood, *Superintendent of City Schools, Osceola, Iowa.*

I find very much to be pleased with in Harper's Geographies. I consider the maps among the finest I have examined. The illustrations of scenery and the industries are all that can be desired.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.
CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated Cover, Gilt Edges, $3 50.

II.
OUR CHILDREN'S SONGS. Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cover, $1 50.

III.
CARICATURE AND OTHER COMIC ART, in All Times and Many Lands. By James Parton. With 203 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00.

IV.
THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD, According to Revelation and Science. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of M'Gill University, Montreal; Author of "Acadian Geology," "The Story of the Earth and Man," "Life's Dawn on Earth," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

V.
THE A B C OF FINANCE. By Simon Newcomb. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

VI.
THE CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM. *Bibliotheca Symbolica Ecclesiæ Universalis.* The Creeds of Christendom, with a History and Critical Notes. By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. Three Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $15 00.

VII.
ANTHON'S EURIPIDES. An English Commentary on the Rhesus, Medea, Hippolytus, Alcestis, Heraclidae, Supplices, and Troades of Euripides, with the Scanning of each Play, from the latest and best Authorities. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. 18mo, Cloth, $1 05.

VIII.
ANTHON'S LIVY. Titi Livi ab urbe condita Libri I., II., XXI., et XXII. With Notes by Charles Anthon, LL.D., and by Hugh Craig, M.A. 12mo, Sheep, $1 40.

IX.
THE JEWS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS. By Eugene Lawrence. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

X.
PETER THE GREAT. By John Lothrop Motley. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

XI.
THE MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. Shakespeare's Comedy of A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. Square 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents.

XII.
COOKING RECEIPTS FROM HARPER'S "BAZAR." 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

XIII.
CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS; also, Treatises on the Nature of the Gods, and on the Commonwealth. Literally Translated, chiefly by C. D. Yonge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. *Uniform with Harper's New Classical Library.*

XIV.
A PRIMER OF GREEK LITERATURE. By Eugene Lawrence. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

XV.
A PRIMER OF LATIN LITERATURE. By Eugene Lawrence. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

XVI.
A SCHOOL HISTORY OF GREECE. By George W. Cox, M.A., Author of "A General History of Greece." 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents.

XVII.
ART EDUCATION APPLIED TO INDUSTRY. By Colonel George Ward Nichols. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated and Gilt, $4 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

*** *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

What He Cost Her. By James Payn. 40 cents.

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. Blackmore. 50 cents.

The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Carità. By Mrs. Oliphant. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Marjorie Bruce's Lovers. By Mary Patrick. 25 cents.

Virginia. A Roman Sketch. 25 cents.

Winstowe. By Mrs. Leith-Adams. 25 cents.

Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins. 20 cents.

Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. 15 cents.

Mrs Arthur. By Mrs Oliphant. 40 cents.

Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt. 20 cents.

The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt. 20 cents.

The House on the Beach. By George Meredith. 20 cents.

Heaps of Money. By W. E. Norris. 25 cents.

The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated. 20 cents.

The Mill of St. Herbot. By Mrs. Macquoid. 20 cents.

Library Edition of William Black's Novels: "A Princess of Thule," "Madcap Violet," "A Daughter of Heth," "Three Feathers," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Kilmeny," "In Silk Attire." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

The American Senator. By Anthony Trollope. 50 cents.

A Woman-Hater. By Charles Reade. 60 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

NOW ON TO WASHINGTON.
"Try, try, try again!"

HON. J. MORRISSEY'S GAME.
Knocking Spots out of "*Hon.*" J. KELLY.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

C. G. Gunther's Sons,

(LATE 502-504 BROADWAY),

184 Fifth Avenue,

(Broadway & 23d St.), NEW YORK.

Seal-Skin Sacques and Wraps,
Fur-Lined Circulars & Cloaks,
Fur Robes, Mats, Collars & Gloves,
ALL IN LARGE ASSORTMENTS, AND AT LOW PRICES.

N. B.—Orders by Mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

UNION ADAMS

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers

Made to Order in a Superior Style.

847 BROADWAY.

STANDARD BILLIARD TABLES.

BILLIARD TABLES, BALLS, CLOTH, CUES, And every thing relating to the game, at Lowest Prices. Second-hand Tables very low. Illustrated Price-Lists sent free.

H. W. COLLENDER,
No. 738 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

GET THE STANDARD.

$1. Send One Dollar for the Pocket Edition of **Webster's Dictionary.**

Contains 18,000 Words, Rules of Spelling, Tables of Money, Weights and Measures, Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Languages. Morocco Tucks, Gilt Edges. By mail, when not otherwise obtainable, on receipt of **$1.00.** For sale by dealers generally.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS WEBSTER'S SCHOOL DICTIONARIES,
138 and 140 Grand St., New York.

BOYER'S
CARMELITE
MELISSA CORDIAL
(Eau de Melisse des Carmes),
The Great French
REMEDY
For DYSPEPSIA,
Disorders of the Stomach, and all Nervous Affections.
GENERAL DEPOT, 59 PARK PLACE, N. Y.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

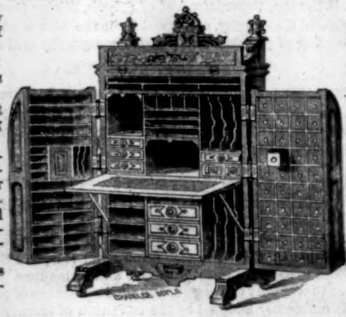
FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES. For Sale by all Druggists.

THE DESK OF THE AGE.

A Marvel of Beauty and Convenience.

THE PATENT CABINET OFFICE SECRETARY.



This celebrated Desk is now in use in the principal cities of this country and Europe.

Its great superiority over all other Desks is apparent at a glance.

Its capacity is double that of any other Desk occupying same floor space.

The whole space is so ingeniously utilized that ample accommodation is afforded for **the most voluminous business.**

Its symmetrical design and elegant finish render it appropriate for either office or drawing-room.

One Hundred compartments of varied construction and dimensions.

Forty pigeon-holes in right-hand door filled with our patent filing boxes.

Every portion of the Desk within reach of the operator as seated at the writing-table.

Letter-box in centre of left-hand door, with an opening outside for reception of mail during absence.

Constructed of Black Walnut, *solid, compact,* and designed for the use of a life-time.

One key closes the entire Desk.

Furnised in three sizes and in two different grades.

For full particulars send for descriptive lists.

Now being furnished at greatly reduced prices by **THE WOOTON DESK CO.,**
☞ Special rates to dealers. (DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS), **Indianapolis, Ind.**

Youmans, Hatter.
Silk Hats Reduced to $5.
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' HATS.
IMPORTER of ENGLISH HATS.
719 Broadway, New York Hotel,
1105 " Albemarle "

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
BEST AND CHEAPEST in the WORLD For Cash or Installments. Send for Illustrated Catalogues. AGENTS WANTED. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 40 E. 14th St., N.Y.

ORIENTAL POTTERY AND PORCELAIN,
Artistic Rugs, Antique Furniture and Brass, Bric-a-Brac, Enamels, Terra Cotta, Lacquer.
W. P. MOORE, 174 Fifth Ave.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF EVERY VARIETY OF
JAPANESE,
CHINESE, AND INDIA
Porcelain Pottery, Laquer Ware, Bronzes, Cloissonné Enamels, Silks, Turkish and Persian Carpets, Rugs, and Table-Covers. Wholesale and Retail.
827 to 829 BROADWAY.

MICROSCOPES At Reduced Prices. Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Telescopes, Thermometers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. **R. & J. BECK, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.**

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA.
REDUCED RATES. $3 00 to $4 50 per day.

Books in Ornamental Bindings

FOR PRESENTS AND PRIZES.

CARICATURE AND OTHER COMIC ART. By JAMES PARTON. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. Illustrated by DORÉ. Folio, Cloth, $10 00.
CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.
THE BOYS OF '76. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.
THE CATSKILL FAIRIES. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.
THE ATMOSPHERE. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.
ART EDUCATION APPLIED TO INDUSTRY. By GEO. WARD NICHOLS. Ill'd. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.
THE LIFE AND HABITS OF WILD ANIMALS. Illustrated. 4to, Cloth, $4 00.
THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. Ill'd. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00.
GOLDSMITH'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by BOLTON CORNEY. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.
POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS. By W. C. PRIME. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $7 00. (*Nearly Ready.*)
THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Illustrated. Small 4to, Cloth, $5 00.
SONGS OF OUR YOUTH. Square 4to, Cloth, $2 50.
PERU. By E. GEORGE SQUIER. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.
THE POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND. By J. GRANT WILSON. Portraits. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ *Either of the above vols. will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the U. S., on receipt of the price.*

☞ *A Revised Catalogue, comprising more than Three Thousand other Popular Books, is now ready, and will be forwarded, postage free, on receipt of Nine Cents.*

REMOVAL.

THEODORE B. STARR,

of the late firm of

STARR & MARCUS,

No. 22 John St.,

Announces HIS REMOVAL to **No. 206 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square,** where the new Warerooms are now open for inspection. The business will be devoted, as in the past, to the sale of Fine Diamonds and other Precious Stones, Rare Pearls, Choice Stone Cameos and Intaglios, rich Gold Jewelry, Watches, &c.; Fine Clocks, Bronzes, Polished Brass Goods, Objects of Art, and the Silver Ware of the **GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY,** of which he is now the sole agent for the Retail Department in this City.

No. 206 FIFTH AVENUE,
MADISON SQUARE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have transferred our Retail Business to MR. THEODORE B. STARR (late STARR & MARCUS), and from this date that Department will be conducted by him in connection with his general business, at No. 206 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, where our goods will be offered at our established prices.

Our salesrooms in Union Square will remain open for the sale of our wares to the trade only.

GORHAM M'F'G CO.,

Silversmiths,

No. 37 UNION SQUARE.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT.
ASBESTOS
MATERIALS.
Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, *Fire, Acid, and Water-proof Coatings, Cements, &c.* Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.
87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

GAS WORKS.

FOR SALE LOW, a COAL GAS WORKS, of 2 benches and 2 retorts, capable of furnishing from 7000 to 8000 cubic feet of gas per day. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS
and **Stereopticons** all prices. **Views** illustrating every subject for **Public Exhibitions,** &c. ☞ *A profitable business for a man with small capital.* Also, **Lanterns** for **Home Amusement.** 74-page Catalogue *free.* **McALLISTER,** *Manufacturing Optician,* **49 Nassau St., New York.**

R. CAMPBELL, Manufacturer & Importer of **Fine Saddlery,**
No. 54 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SAPPING THE SECOND GRIVITZA REDOUBT.

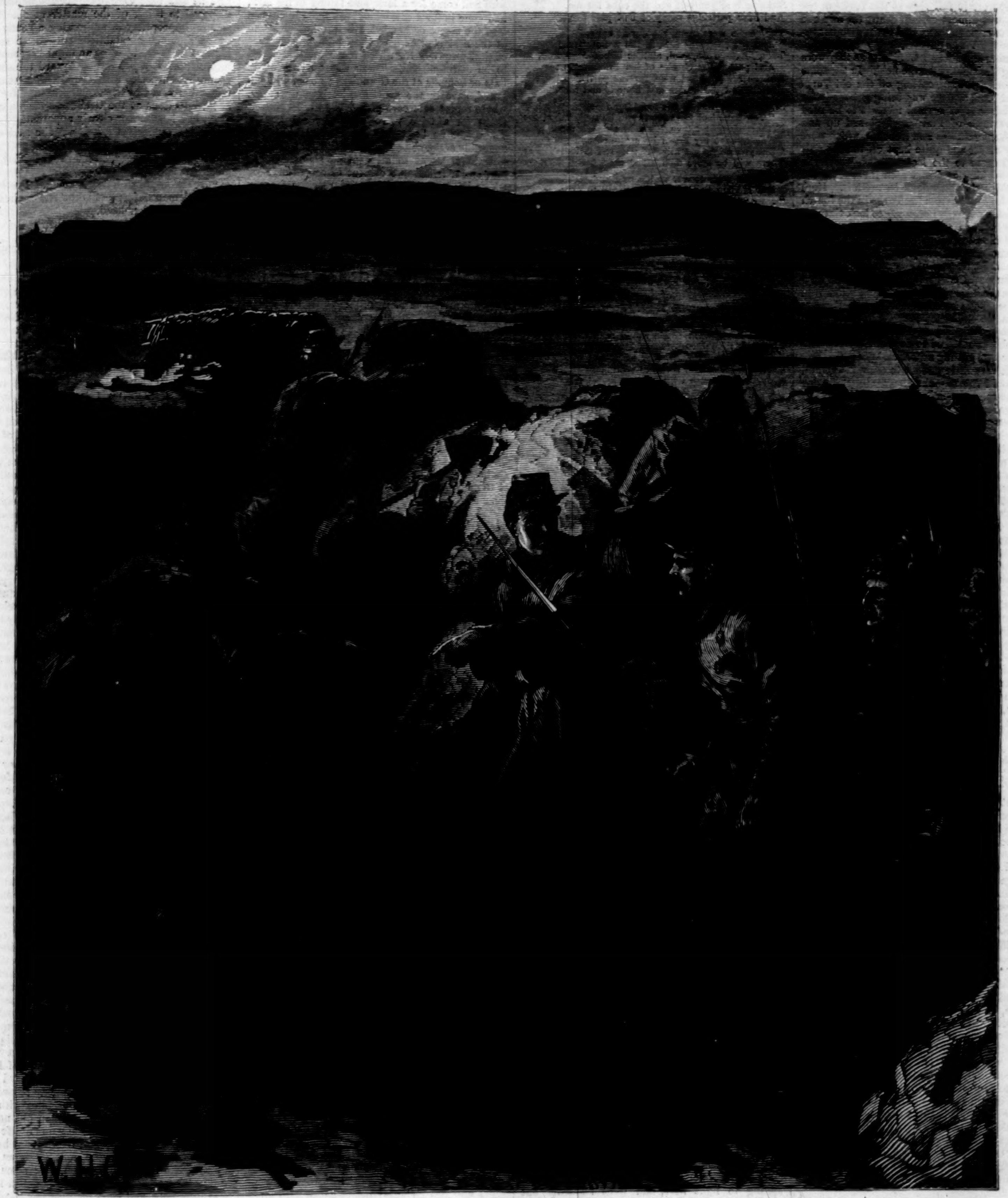
THE story of the terrible battle that took place at Plevna on the 11th and 12th of September is still fresh in the memory of all who are interested in the conflict going on in the East. On that occasion the Russians hurled themselves against the Turkish front with a reckless fury that simply invited slaughter. No effort had been made to approach intrenched positions by sap, and no preparations for overpowering the musketry fire of the redoubts before letting loose the stormers, as is the invariable custom in all properly organized attacks of this character. As a correspondent expresses it, "The assault was made by brute force alone, on works the artillery fire of which was undiminished, whose infantry fire was not only not overpowered, but not even partially 'drawn,' and the best and bravest of the Russian infantry were in fact hurled to the assault like sheep driven to the shambles."

The bloody results of this engagement taught the Russians what they should have known before—that Plevna was not to be taken by assault. The strength of the enemy and the quality of his defenses had been thoroughly tested, and the folly of open attack fully demonstrated. The plan now proposed was to invest the roads leading to Plevna, and if possible cut off supplies, while at the same time the Turkish positions should be approached by sap. The first redoubt on the Grivitza road remained in the hands of the Russians after the close of the battle of the 12th, and from this point a series of trenches was projected, tending in the direction of the second and more important earth-work. For some special reason the Roumanian regiments were detailed for this service.

The work of digging trenches is as unpleasant and perhaps as dangerous as any that ever falls to the lot of a soldier. There is none of the excitement of battle about it, and yet the chances of death are about equal. A well-directed shot from the enemy's batteries may at any moment fall among the diggers, and if not, the poisonous exhalations of the malaria-charged earth must in time produce disease that is nearly as fatal as any wound from an enemy's bullet. In the present instance the lives of the men were further endangered by the bodies of friend and foe lying in masses of putrefaction around them. A flag of truce sent to the Turkish commander, with a request for an armistice during which the dead of both parties might be buried, returned with a message of prompt denial. Inhuman as this appears, it was probably the result of wise calculation, for no better obstacle could be offered to Russian occupation of the ground about Plevna than an atmosphere charged with the life-destroying gases that exhale from the human body in process of corruption.

A correspondent of one of the English newspapers, who had an opportunity of viewing the Roumanians at their labors, writes as follows: "Yesterday I rode out to the positions before Plevna, and paid a visit to the great Grivitza redoubt held by the Roumanians. My way lay through the little village of Grivitza, which is situated in the valley between the hill occupied by the Russian siege battery and the opposite hill surmounted by the great redoubt which offered such a stout resistance to the Russian and Roumanian forces. From this village a covered gallery, flanked near its entrance by a series of parallel trenches, runs up the hill in serpentine shape to the door of the redoubt on the crest, affording shelter for the troops, while passing up and down to change guard in the redoubt, against the bullets which still strike in this direction from the second redoubt on the same ridge, tenanted by the Turks. It will be remembered that this second redoubt is the one which made the assault so difficult, and which rendered the position during a long time almost untenable, for the distance between the two redoubts is so short that the Turks were able to pour their fire into the great redoubt with deadly effect. The Turks were firing into it all day yesterday, as they had been doing all through the previous night, and as I passed along the gallery, with the earth thrown up on either side six or seven feet high, the bullets came whizzing overhead, and often struck into the raised sides of the road. This gallery, or trench, was in a very disgusting state. The foul stench of the filth which lay in it all the way up to the redoubt was far more annoying and disagreeable than the whiz of Turkish bullets flying through the air above.

"When I reached the opening to the redoubt, I had only to show the Russian eagle on my arm to receive a very kind invitation from Lieutenant Fundesco, of the Roumanian artillery, to see the interior and the work going on in the trenches. As I have already informed you, the Roumanians are now working hard to approach the Turkish redoubt which dominates their position by means of sap, trench, and parallels, and the operation is extremely interesting to witness. The great redoubt has been much altered and strengthened since its capture. The parapets have been raised with gabions, and the men can return the Turkish fire through musket-holes in the earth without being seen, and with only occasional accidents. After having been shown the guns and mitrailleuses, my attention was directed through the holes between the gabions to the parallel trenches, which jut out from the northeast side of the redoubt, and stretch in a zigzag line close up to the redoubt occupied by the Turks. I could only take an occasional peep, as the Turkish missiles were piercing the earth-filled gabions every moment, or buzzing over the redoubt; but I could see the Roumanian sappers in the last parallel trench working their way forward with might and main, throwing up the earth with their small spades, and advancing under its cover to lengthen this foremost trench in front of the Turkish position. I was then asked to visit these trenches; and passing out of the redoubt by the same way that I had entered it, stepping over sleeping soldiers (tired out with watching the enemy through hole



BEFORE PLEVNA—ROUMANIANS MAKING TRENCHES UP TO THE SECOND GRIVITZA REDOUBT.

and crevice), I followed my courteous guide along the ditch skirting the redoubt on the southeast, until it turned a corner and came in line with the Turkish fire, when I was advised by my conductor to make a run of it, stooping down the while. This brought us into a series of covered galleries, giving access to the parallels. From these galleries stretched a partly made trench intended to be prolonged in order to cut off the old Turkish covered way connecting the two redoubts, and between these, under the walls of the redoubt, lay five bodies, four Roumanians and one Russian—a ghastly sight, with skulls and faces as black as ink. There they were, just as they had fallen, twisted into all kinds of shapes, and emitting a most horrible stench. One corpse had so rotted away that nothing but uniform and bones were left. Ever since the 18th of last month had they been there; and as they were in full view of the Turks in the redoubt, it was almost certain death for any one to attempt to remove them, Red Cross men not excepted; for the Turks only a few days ago wounded two doctors and several assistants as they were performing their duties on the field. In the same trench, directed toward cutting off the old Turkish covered road, a place was being got ready for the establishment of several mortars to be used against the town of Plevna. I passed up and down all these galleries and trenches, which were excellently made, and quite kept off the enemy's fire, until I came to the last parallel, where the men were working as I had seen them from the redoubt, which was now back on my left. Here I was only fifty yards from the Turks in the fourth parallel, and it was only necessary to look through the cracks between the gabions in order to see plainly the muzzles of the enemy's rifles. The Turks themselves were completely hidden. Sometimes, I was told, they amuse themselves by pitching large lumps of earth and stones at the Roumanians as the latter push forward, and that even conversations have been carried on with them in Roumanian, which has led to the supposition that there are some Bulgarians in the Turkish redoubt, who probably are forced to do work there. The Roumanians are getting nearer and nearer to their enemy with very little danger to themselves, and must, I should think, make the assault in a day or two. As soon as I had seen the parallels I left the great redoubt, very glad to get away from the flying bullets and the horrible odor of decaying human flesh with which every piece of earth in and about the place seemed to be impregnated."

After a month of severe labor the Roumanians had driven their trenches to within twenty meters of their great objective point, the second Grivitza redoubt. This immense advance was made with less difficulty than might have been expected, and on Friday, October 19, orders were given for an assault. At the first attack the Roumanians were repulsed before they gained the redoubt. At the second attack the three foremost battalions leaped into the trenches and vainly endeavored to carry the redoubt. They remained one hour in the trenches, which gave rise to a premature report of its capture. The Roumanians then withdrew, with the loss of two officers and 200 men killed, and twenty officers and 707 men wounded. This defeat has been amply compensated, however, by recent operations to the west of Plevna. The Russians have invested several of the most important roads leading in the direction of Widdin and Sophia, and at present matters look as if OSMAN PASHA would be compelled either to fight his way out of the besieged town or surrender from want of provisions.

PIPE-SMOKING IN TURKEY.

IT is not an uncommon thing to see a Turk smoke from sixty to eighty pipes daily. The pipe is the indispensable companion of the Turk in every occupation, how earnest and important soever it may be. In the Supreme Porte, in the Ministerial Council, where the Turkish grandees debate regarding the welfare of their father-land, which extends over three-quarters of the globe, the question was once discussed whether, during the consideration of state affairs, the tschibuktschis (pipe-bearers) should not be excluded. Great was the difference of opinions, long was the contest between the yearning of the palate and the sense of propriety, till at last was victorious the sentiment of some corpulent members, who thought that it would be wrong to eject ignominiously the old custom, and that the blameless tschibuktschis must be permitted as before to enter the chamber and give the needful attention to the pipes. And yet all the members knew very well that this resolution was pregnant with mischief and danger, for the cunning servants, while busy with the pipes, snatch up with quick ear many a secret of state, and before even the Sultan and the official world have any knowledge of the decisions of the Supreme Council, many weighty debates and decrees have already, through the pipe-bearers, been divulged. Consequently the tschibuktschi is, next to the servant of the harem, the most valuable reporter whom journalists and ambassadorial dragomans can find.

Tobacco and pipes are not merely the distinctive tokens of the different ranks, but of the gradations of particular ranks. A muschir (marshal) would think it altogether unsuitable to smoke with a pipe shorter than two ells, while the handicraftsman or the official of a lower order would be deemed presumptuous if his pipe stem transcended the measure of that habitual with his class. The grandee, in contact or contrast with a man of low degree, can parade his pipe to its full length; but the man of low degree, modestly thrusting aside or concealing his instrument, must not show more of it than the mouth-piece which he holds in his hand. The pasha can, like the chimney of a steamer, throw forth clouds of smoke, but the subordinate must only allow small circles of smoke, light as zephyrs, to flow from his lips, and he must so contrive that the smoke does not go in front of him, but turns backward. In the presence of a grandee, not to smoke is regarded as a testimony of respect. This sign of respect a son is likewise expected to show to his father; and he is regarded as a well-trained and well-mannered son who, spite of the repeated request of his father, refuses to smoke.

THE FOX'S OPINION.

SAID Reynard to Madam on Wednesday last,
As they picked their chicken in Barnum's Wood,
"There's an easterly wind, and a sky o'ercast;
The hunting, I think, is sure to be good;
I believe, my dear—if you don't say nay—
That I'll treat myself to a *run* to-day."

"Reynard, this sporting will bring you to grief;
This 'running' is dangerous fun, I fear."
"There's danger, of course, but it's my belief
The horses and men will divide it, dear.
Take care of yourself and the cubs for me,
And have partridge ready at half past three."

The earths were open, the covert snug,
And the partridge safe in the hollow tree;
Then in came Reynard, and he kissed Miss Pug,
And patted the cheeks of her brothers three;
And he said, "Now, wife, for the partridge hen;
I've cheated the horses and hounds and men."

She slyly laughed in his laughing face,
"You have had your fun?" and he said, "Just so;
If there's aught I love, it's a break-neck race,
And to save my brush by a 'touch and go.'"
"But you might get killed!" "No; I think it's clear
There will be more men killed than foxes, dear."

The birds were tender and young and good,
But Madam the Fox found plenty to say:
"Now where did you go when you left the wood?"
"I sauntered along by the Hempstead way.
I'm a brave old fox, and I love to look
At that kennel they've built by Meadow Brook.

"Such a crowd was there! And such hateful sounds!
There were prancing horses and men in pink,
And a score of couples of handsome hounds,
Who are poor relations of ours, I think;
They whimpered around till they found my scent,
And then with a '*view hallo!*' we went.

"'*Tally-ho away!*' and I gave them 'sight,'
For I knew what music would rend the air;
And they thought, of course, I was full of fright,
And blindly followed, they knew not where—
Over the fences and scrub and ditches:
Alas for the pretty white-corded breeches!

"When nine out of ten had dropped for good,
And riderless steeds were covered with foam,
And the natty pink coats were patched with mud,
I thought it was best we should all go home.
'Twas a jolly run, though I'm grieved to say
Neither men nor horses were killed to-day."

"Oh, Reynard! I went to the fields a while,
To get for your dinner that partridge hen,
And two oxen said, with a wicked smile,
That 'foxes and dogs were all made for men.'"
"Indeed!" laughed Reynard; "I wish I knew
The particular kind of men in view."

"And one declared that those terrible hounds
Had come with their keepers over the sea,
To hunt us all out of these pleasant bounds,
And I'm as wretched as wretched can be.
Suppose they should catch you, Reynard! what then?"
"Pshaw! the hounds are nothing without the men.

"I shall take a run when I so incline,
For it's pleasant to match one's speed with speed;
And these English dogs, I'll allow, are fine,
But they'll never catch us alone, indeed:
It is time enough for foxes to flee
When the hunters also come over the sea."

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

POOR ZEPH!

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "SECOND-COUSIN SARAH," "HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDISON ROOMS.

THEY were rooms that had seen better days and known better company. Time had been when society patronized the Grandison Rooms, and folk whom the world knew, and whom Court Guides recognized, came to classical concerts and evening conversaziones here, and drove away again weary and depressed. When fashion drifted further west, and larger rooms in more brilliant thoroughfares took all the shine that was left from the Grandison, the neighborhood became shady and dubious by degrees, and the poor old stucco edifice in Frisk Street, Soho, grew more shady and dubious to match. Every body came to grief who speculated in the Grandison, because nobody would come to see every body's entertainment, no matter of what its merits might consist. Dioramas collapsed by scores at the Grandison Rooms, which were the home, or rather the family vault, of dioramas for many long-suffering years, concluding with the tragic episode of a bankrupt exhibitor blowing his brains out one morning over the grand piano which a relentless lessee had impounded. Private theatricals had a turn at the Grandison Rooms, and failed to secure an audience; an organ-builder lost his money and his head over them; a furniture emporium sprang to light here, and went suddenly out again, with all the furniture of the depository; finally, a man who had been a publican, and had relations in the ballet, started the Grandison as a dancing academy, and, to the amazement of the neighbors, held his ground for years, and in the face of much scandal and ill report and enmity, existed after his own small fashion upon the profits of his speculation. The Grandison Rooms became something more than the shadow of a name again, although society had turned its back on them forever. Knowing clerks about town, lively young Jews and Jewesses with Saturday evenings to themselves, skittish milliners and dress-makers from the large establishments in the vicinity, the drapers' young men, the French hair-dressers and French waiters and cooks for which Soho is famous, all knew the Grandison, spent their hardly earned money there, and kicked up their heels to a wheezy band of four which played dance music in a little gallery. The Grandison had no dancing license, but evaded the law with a cleverness that reflected credit on Smiles the proprietor, who, report said, had not always been successful in dodging that great institution, but had bought his experience dearly once or twice. The Grandison was ostensibly and simply a dancing academy, where it was supposed that only annual subscribers were allowed to introduce their friends, who paid eightpence for the privilege on quadrille nights, which were three a week in the winter season, and well attended as a rule. Smiles did his best to keep the Grandison a select establishment, it must be asserted. Disreputability in silks and satins had flaunted its way hither, and been told politely that it could not be admitted on any pretense whatever; and the fast man—that is, the man who had come for a lark, and failing in his lark, had gone in for a row—had been quickly pitched into the street or handed over to the policeman at the first sign of his overstepping the bounds of that propriety for which the Grandison aimed to be distinguished. There was no dancing in hats or bonnets at the Grandison; no smoking allowed, save in the gentlemen's room up stairs, where report said card-playing had been seen at times for a trifle more than nominal stakes. There was no boisterous fun, shrill laughter, or unseemly actions; nothing save the light and airy flirtations patent to all dancing shops high or low, and a trifle more evident at the Grandison, where life was distraction and reaction from a day's hard work. The academy was considered a proper sort of place by its habitués, who behaved themselves creditably, danced vigorously, and perspired much for eightpence, going steadily through the programme as a duty, and with a fixed intention to have money's worth for money expended. Men of the Cremorne and Argyle types, scouts from the grand army of prowlers, dropped in now and then, but voted the whole thing slow, and went away again as from a place of entertainment beyond their comprehension—a section of a world on the border land of good and harm which they had not time to study.

There were two strangers puzzled in this way in the month of an April of two years ago. They had been attracted by the noise from the open windows of the Grandison, had paused in the street, and in their short-cut westward, to listen, had asked a few questions of the aborigines, had gone in laughing and jesting at their adventure, and were now standing at the door of the shabby ball-room looking curiously and critically at the dancers, who regarded them as intently in their turn.

"Swells," whispered the girls, and "Stuck-ups," muttered the men, whose attention had been arrested.

"An odd lot this, Frank," commented the elder stranger—a grave, almost stern-looking man of five-and-twenty years of age.

"Wait a moment or two, Dudley," was the reply of a handsome young fellow, faintly flushed with wine, for he and his friend had been dining at the club, and dining heavily; "this is a novelty, and amuses me."

"Giddy folk are easily amused," said the other, sententiously.

"I am not giddy."

"You are young, and life bewilders you."

"What are they all?" asked Frank, thoughtfully.

"The working classes in their best clothes."

"Respectable?"

"I should say so—most of them," added Dudley, with a reserve.

"The girls are tolerable, but the men are dreadful," muttered the younger man, still proceeding with his criticism.

"Ah, yes," said Dudley, wearily, "that's the general rule. How long do you think of remaining?"

"A quarter of an hour or so, if you don't mind. This is what the world would call a spree, Dudley."

"I don't quite see it. I will go into that ante-room and wait for you," said Dudley, wearily. "It may be possible to get seltzer there."

"Stop and see the dancing," urged the other, greatly interested in the scene. "By Jove, they are enjoying themselves at this crib. Dowager Lady Bareblades should see this, old boy!"

Dudley laughed, but strolled toward the apartment on the other side of the staircase and away from the ball-room. It was a refreshment-room of humble pretensions, with low long tables on which were biscuits and oranges, with a counter at the extremity where coffee and lemonade were in reserve. There was a lovers' quarrel going on at the table next to Dudley, and Dudley, a student of human nature, sat and observed this after ordering his sherry and seltzer of a dilapidated waiter. The lovers were at high words; the course of true love had not run smoothly that particular evening; there had been flirtation at work, and jealousy had been the consequence, and now the weaker vessel was "catching it."

"I told you yesterday not to dance with him," muttered the man, angrily.

"What was I to do?"

"Wait for me."

"I did wait till the last minute—I was not going to lose my dance," said the girl, sharply. "You should have made haste if you wanted me for your partner."

"I couldn't come before the governor let me off," cried the aggrieved man. "What's the use of talking such foolery as that?"

"Foolery!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, foolery. What else do you call it?" was the blunt rejoinder.

"Very well, Ben. You don't dance with me any more to-night."

"Oh! I can find plenty of other girls, if that's your game," he said.

"Find them," cried the girl, "and welcome."

"Damme—I will, too. I won't be served like this. I'll go and dance my hardest;" and Ben sprang up like a bomb-shell.

"Go—and joy go with you," said the girl, saucily.

Ben, a beetle-browed, unamiable young man with a pasty complexion, marched away from his lady-love and passed into the ball-room without a backward glance at her whom he had taken to task. Dudley regarded the girl attentively after her lover's departure. Had she gone too far with her humble but irritable swain, and was she sorry for it? There was a thoughtful expression on her face for an instant, and then she laughed pleasantly and unaffectedly to herself, as at a jest that pleased her.

"You don't seem very deeply distressed at that young man's desertion of you," remarked Dudley, suddenly. The words escaped him before he had time to think—even if he had been disposed to think of the matter at all. There was no impropriety in addressing a young woman at a dancing establishment—there was no harm meant—and he was an inquisitive man, and interested. The girl turned toward the speaker, somewhat surprised at his sudden salutation, but not embarrassed by it. An urgent need for formal introductions at the Grandison on a quadrille night had been never clearly apparent.

"Distressed! Not I, indeed," she said, with a toss of her head.

"He's very angry," remarked Dudley, with mock solemnity.

"He'll cool down quick enough. I've known my gentleman before to-night," she replied, with another toss of her head.

"Used to his little tempers, then?"

"I should think I was!"

"It might be wise to apologize," said Dudley, dryly.

"Me apologize—to him! Me!" cried the girl, taking his words in sober earnest, he spoke so seriously and looked so gravely at her. "I'll pay him out for this presently, see if I don't."

"Ah! I'm afraid I shall not be here to see the fun."

"No—really," said the girl, amused that any one should think of quitting the Grandison before the last galop had been played and the fiddlers had packed up their instruments. She regarded her interrogator more attentively, and noticed that he was better dressed and better gloved, and altogether a different kind of being from the men who came to Frisk Street. She saw, in fact, that this was a swell, that he was in full dress, with a button-hole worth three-and-sixpence in his light coat, and with things in his shirt front that shone like gold, and perhaps were made of it—who could tell? She became suddenly reserved, as if conscious that he had been "chaffing" her, and was probably vexed with herself that in her excitement and petulance she had not detected more quickly his badinage. The sudden change of manner was a new surprise to Dudley, and added to his amusement; and then there gradually dawned on his comprehension also the fact that the girl was singularly beautiful. It had not struck him earlier; he had been interested in her manner rather than in herself; but the fact was very patent to him now that here, under other circumstances, was a face that a painter might love to copy, a poet to rave about, a sculptor to immortalize in marble. He was only five-and-twenty, and could appreciate beautiful faces in women, for all the hard dry studies which had kept him stern and dull and steady to that memorable date of his life.

He was interested now, or amused, or something. He did not attempt to define his feelings, but the sudden reserve exhibited by his companion puzzled him, and even pleased him. In his own circle, and when in high spirits, he had been told by fair women once or twice that he was "an aggravating fellow," "a tease;" and he drifted into his teasing mood as though this little girl was one of his "set," and it was his business to "draw her out" and give life and color to her.

It was a matter of some difficulty, for his companion only answered in monosyllables, and turned her head from him while she spoke. To an inquiry, at last, if she would take any refreshment, she answered "No," with an asperity that silenced him until the dance was over in the ball-room, and the majority of the dancers came talking and laughing into the refreshment department, and the man with whom the girl had had a few words sat down at a table opposite and glowered across at them. He had brought his partner with him into the saloon, probably to pique the young lady whom he had left there; but the experiment was a failure, and the sight of Dudley by the side of the girl he had reproved was a blow from which he did not quickly recover.

The girl began to talk to Dudley with more animation also, but her companion did not take it as a compliment, seeing the game of life pretty clearly in this instance, and feeling that he came in useful at this juncture, nothing more. Still he rattled away glibly enough, said some smart things, at which his companion laughed merrily and musically, and even clapped her hands, and the man over the way looked as if he would be glad to cut his throat.

"Zeph!" he called out at last, peremptorily, "come and sit here."

"Thank you, Ben," was the curt reply, "I am quite comfortable where I am."

"You had better stay there, then," he grunted forth.

"I mean to, as long as I choose," she answered back, defiantly.

Dudley began to think he was in the way, and hardly doing the correct thing in rousing the ire of the pale-faced man opposite; he would have said "good-night" and gone away, had not the jealous man directed public attention to him by some remark which did not reach his ears, but which set half a dozen greasy-looking youths into a roar of laughter. After that Dudley resolved to remain and to make himself at home, and show

to all whom it might concern that he was not to be scoffed off the premises.

"Your young man is getting jealous," he said to the girl.

"He's not my young man," was the quick answer.

"Didn't you tell me he was?"

"You know I didn't."

"Well, he's next door to it," said Dudley; "he would be if you cared to have him."

"Ah! that's another thing," said the girl, laughing heartily again as she looked at Dudley, who thought he had never encountered such deep blue eyes, and with so much liquid light in them. Yes, this was a very pretty young woman; and she was aware of the fact. She was different from any young woman whom he had met before, too; he wished this straightforward, blunt style of reply was fashionable in his circle: it would save a deal of trouble and misunderstanding, and people would jog along the better for it.

"What is he?" he asked.

"He's a plumber and gas-fitter," she replied. "His father keeps a shop at the corner of Edwin Street, you know."

"Ah, yes, a very good shop," said Dudley, as though he had known the neighborhood and the business all his life; "and Ben helps his father?"

"That's it."

"And Ben will presently come into the business, and marry you, Zeph, and that's the end of the love story."

"Don't call me Zeph, if you please," said his companion, with a sudden exhibition of dignity that would have discomfited most men.

"Why not?" he replied, innocently—far too innocently for Frisk Street. "That is your name, is it not?"

"You have no right to call me by it, if it is."

"I don't know any other."

"And you won't either."

"Won't I?"

"No, that you won't."

"We shall see."

There was a pause, and then Dudley said, thoughtfully,

"Zeph is a very odd name."

"I am sorry you don't like it," said Zeph, in the same pert tone—"awfully sorry."

"But I do like it."

"I dare say you do. Oh yes."

Zeph laughed merrily again, and looked across at Ben, who ground his teeth together and swore profanely, and wondered what they both were talking about, and cursed them both, especially the man in the dress-coat and gloves, and with a finical flower in his button-hole. Curse him? Yes, certainly; with the greatest satisfaction in life.

"What is Zeph short for?" Dudley asked.

"I sha'n't tell you."

"I wish you would," he urged. "I am really curious; upon my honor."

She seemed to give way, as his tone became more earnest.

"Oh! well then, Zephyrina, if you must know," she answered. "And now don't bother me any more about it."

"Am I bothering you?"

"Yes."

"Shall I go away?"

"Yes. You are off to a party, I suppose?" she asked, a little curiously, in her turn.

"I was thinking about it. I am not quite certain I shall go."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Ah! you haven't taken all that trouble to dress for nothing. And that fine flower, too?"

"You may have that."

"May I?" and Zeph's eyes sparkled with pleasure for a moment, and then were suddenly veiled by her long lashes. "Oh no, thank you," she added, the instant afterward.

"You will not have it?" he inquired.

"No, thank you; I would rather not."

"You don't like flowers?"

"Yes, I do."

"You don't think Ben would like you to accept it?"

"It doesn't matter to me what Ben likes," she replied.

"There! he is off with his young lady again."

"A pretty young lady she is! there isn't a scrap of a lady about her. I know her and her great red hands. Just look at them."

"They *are* a trifle red," observed Dudley. "Perhaps it's the weather."

"Or the scrubbing-brush. I always thought she was a servant," said Zeph, almost vindictively.

"Yes, you *are* jealous," Dudley remarked.

"Upon my word and honor I ain't," said Zeph.

"You know you are fond of little Benjamin," said Dudley, in so reproving and quaint a tone that Zeph laughed merrily, and this time unaffectedly.

"I like your style," she said, sarcastically, at last.

"Meaning you dislike my impudence?"

"Perhaps I do. Why don't you go to your party?" cried Zeph. "Your swell friends will be advertising for you presently."

"I am very comfortable here, thank you."

"You don't look it."

"I am waiting to see you dance," said Dudley.

"Don't know that I shall dance any more," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"Can't say. Perhaps because I can't find any partners while you sit here jawing to me."

This was very frank, amazingly frank, but excessively inelegant. It jarred upon the susceptibilities of Dudley, and he shuddered until he caught sight of her face, fair, fresh, young, and full of the happiness of life's beginning—a face looking innocently out at the world yet, and knowing nothing and guessing but little of the world's temptations. Surely not eighteen years of age, this bright girl, in whom his interest was not growing less, who puzzled him and bewildered him by her originality and piquancy.

"How do you know I am not going to ask you to favor me with your hand for this waltz?" asked Dudley, in reply to her.

"Oh yes; you are sure to dance."

"What is to hinder me?"

"You are much too fine. You wouldn't like to mix with all the people you see here."

"You are very much mistaken."

"Oh! I know," said Zeph, laughing again. "We have had one or two of you gents before, but they never dance."

"But I will—if you will accept me for a partner," said Dudley, positively.

Out came her favorite word again in her surprise.

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"But—"

"Will you have me or not?" he said, impatiently.

"Yes, I don't mind."

"Come along, then."

Dudley had taken off his overcoat, pitched it into a corner, and was now moving down the room with Zeph on his arm. At the door his friend Frank was standing, and he pushed him lightly aside.

"Out of the way, you wall-flower!" he exclaimed.

"By Jove!—what—Dudley!" cried his friend, and before Frank had recovered from his astonishment, Dudley and Zeph were whirling round the ball-room together at double-quick speed. It was a wild waltz while it lasted, but before they were tired the music had ceased.

"Bother," said Zeph, "how soon!"

"Never mind—we'll go in for the next—whatever it is," said Dudley, rashly. "Is it a bargain?"

"I don't mind," answered Zeph, very graciously.

She was in high spirits now, and secretly proud of her partner, though he was not vain enough to guess that for himself. They promenaded in the ball-room with the other couples, and Zeph laughed and nodded to her various acquaintances, and exchanged "good-evenings" and "how d'ye do's" with some of the most extraordinary specimens of mankind whom Dudley thought he had ever seen in his life.

"Do you come here very often?" he asked, suddenly and almost sadly.

"Twice a week sometimes—always on a Saturday," replied Zeph. "I can get out best on that day, of course."

"Why of course?"

"Because business closes earlier, to be sure."

"May I ask what your business is?"

"I am just out of my apprenticeship to the millinery," Zeph answered, frankly. "Are you very much shocked?"

"Not at all. What would the world be without milliners?"

"Ah! what indeed?"

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Well, you are a cure for questions! I have a father. The mother," she added, becoming suddenly grave, "is dead."

"I am sorry I asked," said Dudley, very earnestly. "You must not mind what I say."

"I don't much. Still mother has not been dead so long, that—" And here she came to a full stop, and dashed something quickly from her eyes.

"This is not a bad-sized room," Dudley hastened to say, after an awkward silence.

"No—and they are taking their places for the next dance."

"What dance is it?"

"The Lancers."

"O Lord!" muttered Dudley.

Still the Lancers it was, and he fought bravely through it, and laughed and talked and made himself agreeable to the members of his particular set of eight, and was called "old chap" and "mate" by one or two friendly souls of his own sex, and clasped vigorously at "corners" by agile young beings of the opposite sex, and enjoyed his dance with Zeph as well as it was possible under the circumstances. He was more interested than ever in this little girl; she seemed above the rest of her class here, too good and pretty and pure to run the gauntlet of all these grimy young Hebrews and Christian cads without gloves, these leering, howling, queer-looking beasts who called her Zeph—he heard half a dozen of them address her by her Christian name.

"You let your favorites call you Zeph, I see."

"Yes—when they know me."

"Perhaps I shall be a favorite some day," he said, lightly.

"I don't think that's very likely," she answered, lightly too.

"Why not?"

"Well, the coolness of you!" she said. "That's a good one. You won't come here again, I know that."

"There's no telling what may happen," was Dudley's reply. "But I don't think I shall come very often."

"No, I suppose not."

"I wish you did not come."

"Why not?" asked the girl, very much surprised now.

"You might do better than come here," said Dudley. "You will pardon me for saying this on so early an acquaintance; but these rooms are hardly a fit place for a young girl."

"It's respectable—you can't say a word against it!" she said, indignantly. "There's gents here as well as you."

"I should be sorry to think ill of the Grandison; but you come alone."

"Very often. I find plenty of friends when I get here."

"And plenty of friends to see you home?" he asked, meaningly.

"Ben puts me in an omnibus generally—that's all."

"Lucky Ben!"

They went back into the refreshment-room, where Zeph condescended, on this occasion, to take a glass of port-wine (far ruddier than the cherry that logwood decoction was) at her partner's expense, and to sit with him at the table again at which he had first made her acquaintance. Here Frank came up, looking almost angry at his friend's neglect of him, and altogether puzzled by his friend's new style of behavior.

"Is it not time we started?" he asked, querulously.

"I am ready, when you are."

"Oh, I have been ready this hour and a half," said Frank, strolling over toward the door.

"An hour and a half," said Dudley, looking at his watch; "so it is! How time flies when a fellow is happy!"

He put on his overcoat again, standing and looking down at the bright face of the girl with whom he had danced.

"Will you have this flower now," he asked, "'in memory of' etc.?"

"Thank you."

He took it from his button-hole and placed it in her hand, and she looked up at him half archly, half thoughtfully.

"Good-night, little Zeph," he said.

"Good-night, Sir."

"When I see you again I shall ask you to dance with me," he said, lightly.

"Ah! *when* you do," she answered.

"Perhaps you don't want to see me again?"

Strange feeling! but his heart was beating more rapidly than its wont, as if in doubt about her answer.

"Oh, you haven't made yourself particularly disagreeable," she said, with her old sauciness apparent.

"Not like Ben?"

"No, not a bit like Ben," she repeated, laughingly.

"And you will not be very sorry to see me again, perhaps?"

"N—no," with affected hesitation, "not very, I think. But I can exist without you—by an effort."

He laughed himself at her manner; then the impulse came to him to tempt this light little milliner into a promise. She was very pretty, she attracted him, and he was not his old steady, grave self that night.

"I fancy *I* can't exist well without you," he said, in a low tone. "I should like to see you again, just for half an hour's chat, when you come from business one evening. May I?"

She looked up at him with surprise in her eyes, and a flickering color on her cheeks.

"Will you meet me," he urged, "this day week, at the corner of the street, for half an hour?—only a few minutes, if you like; but please come."

She did not answer at once.

"You are laughing at me," she said, looking down.

"No, I am not."

"Really?"

"Really; I am in earnest. Will you come?"

"Yes, I think I will," she murmured. "What time?"

"Eight."

"Very well."

"Thank you, Zeph. Good-night."

"Good-night," she responded; and long after he had gone away, proud of his small conquest—such as it was—over this vain, pretty, poor little work-girl, Zeph sat there, thinking of all that he had said, and all that she had promised in return.

CHAPTER II.

A GARDEN PARTY.

DUDLEY GREY and his friend Frank Amoore went away laughing from the Grandison Rooms. They left, as they came, with a jest, and Frank Amoore, a good-tempered fellow in his way, forgot speedily how long he had been kept waiting by his friend.

"You have been going it, Dudley," he said. "By Jove, I never saw you enter into the spirit of a thing of this kind before."

"It was the Champagne we had at dinner, Frank."

"It was the pretty little woman with the big eyes, you hypocrite," cried Frank.

"Yes—she is pretty," said Dudley. "I was interested in a quarrel between her and her sweetheart, and so drifted into conversation afterward."

"And to two dances after that. I shall never forget those Lancers," said Frank, with a roar that awoke the echoes of the street, "and you arm in arm with three carpenters, each grinning at his *vis-à-vis* before turning to places. It was a scene out of a play."

"It was droll," remarked Dudley, thoughtfully.

"What would the Bareblades say?" exclaimed Frank. "What would Geraldine think of her cavalier behaving in this extraordinary fashion at an eightpenny hop?"

"She would laugh at all eccentricities."

"Then I may tell her, Dud?"

"Certainly you may."

But Frank Amoore did not mention their adventure when the two young men arrived at the residence of the Dowager Countess Bareblades, and Dudley seemed quickly to forget it in the fascinations of high-bred women and the excitement of a *soirée dansante*, with more Champagne at supper. He forgot his promise to meet this Zeph on the following Tuesday—possibly forgot Zeph altogether. At all events, he did not tell Frank how far his flirtation had extended, and Frisk Street to the younger man lay a long way off next day, and was as remote as the antipodes by that day week.

And Dudley Grey? Well, when Tuesday came, he remembered his appointment; he thought about it at the club, at his chambers in Clement's Inn, at the hospital where Frank was resident surgeon, and where he called to see Frank that morning, as briefs were scarce with him, but where he never mentioned the name of the girl that was upon his mind, despite the faint efforts that he made to shake her from it. At his club again after dinner he thought even more, and this time seriously, of the situation, shrugging his shoulders at the idea which troubled him.

"I don't mean her any harm, Heaven knows—I wouldn't do her any harm for the world," he said to himself; "*but* I wonder if she'll be there."

After wondering for five more minutes over his coffee, he indulged in another little soliloquy.

"I might do an impressionable girl like Zeph some good by advising her to give up that dancing den. To be sure I might;" and full of this noble resolve, Dudley Grey set forth in search of Zeph the milliner.

He was at the corner of Frisk Street ten minutes before the time appointed; he was always a punctual man, but he never remembered being so much before his time as on this occasion. He must have walked fast, or miscalculated his distance, and those ten minutes in advance of the appointment became terribly wearisome, and exhausted all the distractions of the murky street wherein he lingered. It was a dreadful street. When it was striking eight, and there was no sign of the girl whom he had come to meet, he wished fervently he had named another and more respectable thoroughfare. People stared at him too much; the shops were commonplace, and the contents of their windows devoid of interest; a woman at the fried fish establishment opposite came to the door to inspect him thoroughly; the green-grocer's boy winked at him, as though he guessed the reason for his lingering on the curbstones; women with baskets of laundry-work ran against him at odd corners; the policeman passed him half a dozen times, and took him in from top to toe on each occasion: he felt hot and uncomfortable, and angry and out of place. By a quarter past eight, he was miserable and abject; at half past eight, he was anxious; when it was a quarter to nine, he was savage; as it was striking nine by a church clock in the distance, he turned away with some very bad words on the tip of his tongue, and marched off to his club in an unamiable mood.

He was a fool. He should have known better than to trust to the word of a silly little milliner, and let her have the laugh of him—perhaps tell her friends and acquaintances how she had "sold" the "swell" who came to the Grandison last Tuesday, and tried to trick her into an appointment with him. Yes, that was it; for as he turned out of Frisk Street he ran against the thickset, pasty-faced individual of the name of Ben, who smiled maliciously, and looked after him until he was out of sight. That was the joke, and he had been the victim of it. So be it. Such is life, when a man goes out of his sphere in search of adventure, or excitement, or to do any body a good or a bad turn. He had put himself out of his way purely for the girl's sake—to be a friend and counselor to her—and this was how he had been rewarded for his pains! Yes, it was a good joke, but he would keep it to himself. He was glad that he had not said any thing of the affair to Frank Amoore. Frank would have seen the joke too clearly, and laughed unpleasantly over it.

For days afterward, however, the non-fulfillment of Zeph's promise perplexed as well as vexed the man. Why did she not come, after all? She surely meant to come when he had asked her. Was she afraid of him? Did she see harm in him, or fear harm to herself? Did she think he would not be there, or had she utterly forgotten his existence, or was she going out with "pasty-face," or was she ill, or had she been unavoidably detained? He was a vain man in his quiet way—not very vain, not even known to be a vain man by his friends; but the idea occurred to him more than once that it was a remarkable thing that Zeph had not kept her word. He was surely an improvement on the Grandison cads; for what she knew he might have fallen desperately in love with her at first sight; he was a gentleman, and she was losing a chance by not coming to meet him.

All these thoughts for two or three days, crossed by the reflection that Zeph was very pretty and naïve and original—"quite a character," and he was fond of studying character—and then she melted away from the foreground of his meditations, and he drifted slowly into his own world, where Geraldine was, and where he was considered a very clever fellow, who would make a name for himself one of these fine days.

An advertisement in the newspapers took him back to the old thought. This was in the beginning of June, when he had almost forgotten Zeph and the Grandison Rooms. He read it over attentively, and laughed heartily at a new project which its perusal suggested. Frank Amoore entering his chambers at that moment, found him on the broad grin.

"What the deuce are you laughing at?" he asked, unceremoniously.

"Do you remember the Grandison last April, Frank?"

"To be sure."

"Look here, then. Here is the concluding chapter of that little comedy."

Frank took the paper from his friend's hands, and read:

"THE GRANDISON GARDEN PARTY.—Mr. Smiles begs to inform his friends and patrons that the annual garden party of the subscribers to the Grandison Rooms, Frisk Street, Soho, is fixed for the 10th inst., at Keston Common, near Bromley. A ball will take place in the Grandison Rooms on the evening of the same day, and form the concluding night of the season. For tickets and full particulars apply to the principal, at the rooms, from 7 till 10 P.M."

"What a wind-up to the festivities of Frisk